

APRIL 18-24, 2016 NO.1201

THE BIG ISSUE

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OF THE
JEDI

Mark Hamill
meets The Kinks

EPISODE II



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Hello, my name is Allan.

I've sold the magazine for a few years and have worked hard to build up a loyal clientele. A massive thanks to all my brilliant customers, they've made a big difference to my life. The people in Inverness are very genuine. I'm no fan of the football team but I get on well with everyone – Inverness Caledonian Thistle fans included! Read more on page 46.



OUR MANIFESTO

● WE BELIEVE
in a hand up,
not a handout...

Which is why our sellers BUY every copy of the magazine from us for £1.25 and sell it on to you for £2.50. In this way we have helped hundreds of thousands of people to take control of their lives since 1991, and in the process created a global blueprint for social change.

● WE BELIEVE
in trade, not aid...

Which is why we ask that you ALWAYS take your copy of the magazine – it's a bloody good read and our sellers are working and need your custom.

● WE BELIEVE
poverty is indiscriminate...
Which is why we provide ANYONE whose life is blighted by poverty with the opportunity to earn a LEGITIMATE income.

● WE BELIEVE
in the right to citizenship...
Which is why The Big Issue Foundation, our charitable arm, helps sellers tackle their social and financial exclusion.

● WE BELIEVE
in prevention...
Which is why Big Issue Invest offers backing and investments of upto £3m to social enterprises, charities and businesses which deliver social value to communities.



CORRESPONDENCE



Heroes Special

@McGillustrator

@BigIssue Has there ever been a more epic magazine cover?

A: Absolutely not

@jorgy_b0y

My eyes were glued to this when I saw Tom Baker and Mark Hamill together two of the best actors to play a hero!

@sliddz2936

Quick, someone write a crossover story starring every character on that cover!

@TheVeronicaT

This issue is epic! So many great articles to read, so many heroes! @NichelleIsUhura is the best!!

Celebrating vendors

Please could you give Karl our Big Issue vendor at Snow Hill Station, Birmingham, a special mention in the magazine: it's his birthday in April (26th, I think). He will be 50 years old. He really is a great guy, never ever misses a day at his pitch, no matter what the weather. He has been manning this same pitch for some 15 years now. It makes our week seeing him and having a chat – oh and not to forget picking up my weekly copy of The Big Issue. He really is a lovely person – caring, polite and a gentle giant. Best wishes Karl, hope you have a great birthday my friend. *Alan and Maureen, Stourbridge*

@Art_Gems

@BigIssue thank you a hundred times to Perth BI vendor for defending me, in wheelchair, from aggressive pedestrian abusing me on High Street

@RobLonghorn

The @BigIssue guy in Winchester is just incredible. Such a huge personality to him.

Anyone who is in the village stop and say hi to Maria selling The Big Issue. She has a smile for everyone; I especially enjoy the hug and hearing all about her children, she talks about them with pride. Maria is a credit to The Big Issue! You are lucky to have her!

Andrea Muldoon, East Kilbride

Write to: The Big Issue, Second Floor, 43 Bath St, Glasgow, G2 1HW

Email: letters@bigissue.com Comment: [bigissue.com](https://www.bigissue.com)



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COMMENT OF THE WEEK

My vendor is worth getting out of bed for

I would like to write to give my thanks for Martin, the Big Issue seller on Oxford Street and near Russell Square. I walk past Martin most mornings on my way to work, depending on how hard it has been to get out of bed. I suffer from CFS/ME, amongst other health issues. Some days I am very low in mood and find it hard to keep putting one foot in front of the other. However, I always have a word with Martin when I go past, even though I don't always have the spare cash to buy a magazine. Nevertheless, he greets me each morning with characteristic Martin warmth and friendliness. He lifts my morning, and often it is that little exchange that keeps me going on to work. I started to say hello because I didn't want him to feel that no one was acknowledging him in the rush but I can say that I get more from the exchange, I think, than Martin does! He has no idea, I am sure, that he is making a difference to people's everyday lives as well as selling the magazine. He often has a word for me about how busy the road is and to take care – or that it's going to rain later and do I have a brolly? In this fast-paced city, a little care from someone who does not even know you is a precious thing. So I hope that you will say thank you to Martin on my and his customers behalves, for he surely is one of the kindest people I have the honour to know. I wish him well.

Name supplied

Multi-millionaires

Two hundred million copies sold, wish I could have bought them all. Big love to John Bird for his forward thinking but the best wishes are for the vendors, their backbone. They are the most revered by me.

Barbara Hicks, Hertford

@emmaleeds_87

"There is no rest for the committed. So get committed." Inspiring words from @johnbirdswords in the celebratory @BigIssue – congratulations!

A hand up

My experience of many years with slabs and dirt for pillows was that no one really gave a shit. They were happy laying eyes on you and making up some excellent report that covers their ass without any of the action – and that was the people who promote themselves as patriots of the homeless cause. The Big Issue magazine is the one saving grace that did what it said on the tin and continues to help people who wish to help themselves. Because no matter how bad it gets, every homeless person knows there is only one rule if you want to wake up tomorrow. NEVER QUIT. I hope anyone on the streets tonight has at least a safe skip to shelter from the elements. *Levi McCool Strauss, email*

The trip

I want to write celebrating a fabulous vendor, Alex, who stands on the High Street in Guildford outside the Links of London shop. Come rain or shine, Alex is always smiling and greets everybody as a friend. He always asks after my health and never forgets my name. Even if people don't buy his magazines, he wishes them a good day with a smile on his face.

My trips to Guildford in my wheelchair would not be the same without his banter – in fact, on the occasions he is not there I wonder if he is okay. So please let him know he makes my, and others', day a much happier place. Trips to Guildford just would not be the same. *Jo Woolnough, email*



MEOWW...

@TeamSmoothy

Freddie: that pesky Bob is in the @BigIssue again! When will I get my turn?

@StreetCatBob



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Our hard workers deserve recognition

Every week we receive a lot of correspondence, by post, email and on social media, from people telling us about their local Big Issue vendors. Their cheerfulness, come rain or shine, is a regular theme.

Readers often tell us their vendor is a counsellor to the community, listening to problems with a sympathetic ear. Some who felt isolated or incredibly low say conversations with a vendor helped them through a dark time.

Then there are myriad practical things people want us to thank vendors for, from ad-hoc dog-minding for folk going into the supermarket, to holding doors open or helping shoppers with heavy bags. And when people tell us about these little acts of kindness that made their day, they often add that this sort of interaction is all-too rare in society nowadays.

We like to share these messages. You'll read them on our letters page each week and there are remarkable stories here on this very page. We share them not just because there is a feel-good ripple-effect, but because it's important to say thanks to vendors. They are the very definition of

hard-working individuals, and deserve respect, support and thanks.

Anyone who has taken part in one of The Big Issue's 'sell-offs', having a go at selling the magazine for an hour, gets a very brief taste of how hard their job is. Selling copies is key, obviously. But being recognised, making eye-contact, having a conversation, is hugely important. Being ignored, people actively avoiding their gaze, is the thing everyone, without exception, finds hardest to cope with. That experience forces you to look at the world differently. Next time you see a vendor – smile back, say hello, buy a copy or say “no thanks”.

When The Big Issue burst on to Britain's streets, brash, bolshy and bold, for the first time it made homeless people visible individuals with something to say as well as something to sell. For many, it literally lifted them up. Twenty-five years later vendors are not just a fixture in the landscape, a salesperson providing the odd additional public service – from a smile to a hand with heavy bags – they are part of the fabric of community life.

This week our founder, Lord John Bird, will invite a group of vendors to his first official reception at the House of Lords. When he started the magazine he gave a voice to the dispossessed and voiceless. Now, at the seat of power, in the heart of Westminster, he is opening the doors so they can be seen and heard there too. This is a remarkable achievement. And so are your letters, Facebook messages and tweets about your vendors. Keep them coming.

Paul McNamee is away. Vicky Carroll is deputy editor @vcarroll100

Being ignored, people actively avoiding their gaze, is the one thing everyone, without exception, finds hardest to cope with



FROM THE VAULT... JUNE 2011 NO. 953

Five years before Luke Skywalker reunited The Kinks, Ray Davies told The Big Issue about bust-ups with The Beatles and stepping back from the spotlight.

WILL IS JUNIOR DOCTORS' HERO

Vendor moved in to stop man's tirade against medic

A Big Issue seller in Exeter was hailed a hero after helping striking junior doctors who were being harangued by an angry member of the public last week. Will Adams was on his city centre pitch on April 6, close to a 'Meet the Doctors' event where a female junior doctor was answering questions about the strike. Ivy Owens, who was helping at the event, said: "A very large, angry, incoherent man began verbally abusing the female junior doctor. A medical student tried to calm the situation but the man, now shouting very loudly and gesticulating violently, turned the abuse on him." As the situation escalated, Owens

HAMILL FANS LIGHT UP THE CHAT ON TWITTER

Mark Hamill-mania gripped social media last week after he appeared on The Big Issue's Heroes special edition cover. And



many fans took to verse to show their appreciation of Luke Skywalker.

"A poem for Mark Hamill – His lightsaber's blue. He's mates with Artoo. Read Luke Skywalker, only in The Big Issue," one fan tweeted, sparking a threat of poetic Twitter debate about his

lightsaber's correct colour. @BeccaPiano contributed: "He uses The Force. For better or Worse. He oft lends a hand (just the left one, of course)" and "A Jedi, methinks, endures Jar Jar Binks. But relishes everything Davies and Kinks."

And even @HamillHimself chipped in: "As light saber colors are all sorted out – @BigIssue is giving hand-ups not hand-outs!"

BIG SALES THAT HELPED JIMMY'S DAUGHTER

A Big Issue vendor who saved up a year's earnings from selling the magazine helped his daughter achieve her dream of climbing Kilimanjaro, the world's highest free-



was considering calling 999 when vendor Will intervened. “He approached the man, who was about twice Will’s size, and after a minute or two of very calm persuasion managed to lead him away. In addition to being the epitome of calm courage in handling this situation, Will’s actions were morale-raising for the junior doctors, as they more than cancelled out the negative effect of the abuse.”

Doctors and passers-by thanked Will by buying copies of the magazine and tweeting their thanks. Louise Anning shared a picture (above) of herself with the “hero who came to [the] defence of junior doctors”. Will said: “I was happy to help, it was the right thing to do. I have so much respect for the NHS and junior doctors.”



JO’S ARTFUL SUCCESS

Former Big Issue vendor Jo Adamson’s blossoming art career has taken a leap forward after her debut solo exhibition in Glasgow. Jo, who is registered blind, was known as “the singing vendor” but she stopped selling the magazine due to her deteriorating eyesight. Since then she has been creating art, and has a growing fanbase: 33 prints were sold at her exhibition and now she has been invited to give talks about her work and exhibit in Geneva. See her shop at [etsy.com/uk/shop/Josunshineart](https://www.etsy.com/uk/shop/Josunshineart) or search for Jo Sunshine Art on Facebook or Twitter.

standing mountain. Nottingham vendor Jimmy, who’s sold the magazine for around 11 years, said he was proud to help pay for his daughter’s trip to Tanzania, which cost £2,800. She went with the Prince’s Trust and helped build an orphanage. “It felt brilliant to help her,” he said.

PAUSE



Illustration: Mitch Blunt

PROFESSOR CHARLES SPENCE

How to hear what you taste

Tasting – it’s what we do with our mouth, right? Wrong. It turns out the other senses have a much bigger impact on our experience of tasting than any of us ever realised. Scientists are increasingly starting to unravel some of the intriguing ways that what we see, smell, hear and even feel can change what we think we are tasting and how much we enjoy the experience.

Many scientists believe that as much as 75-95 per cent of what we think we taste actually comes from the nose. While precise values are hard to come by, it is certainly true that all the taste buds on your tongue really give you are the sensations of sweet, sour, salty, bitter and umami... there may be a few others, like metallic, but really it is just the basic five. Everything beyond that, the meaty, the floral, the herbal, the fruity, the smoky or, if my wife is cooking, the burnt, all come from the sense of smell. It turns out that every time we swallow, a pulse of moist and aromatic air pulses out from the back of our nose. This is what scientists call retronasal smell (the other kind of smell, orthonasal smell, is what happens when you sniff those delicious food aromas wafting out of the kitchen). For some as yet unknown reason, our brain ventriloquises this smell so that we all think it is coming from our mouth.

But beyond what we literally taste, and smell, the other senses also play an important role. What we see is crucial. Don’t believe me? Well, just try changing the colour of an everyday food and see what happens. People soon start to feel a bit sick if you give them blue meat or fish to eat. Colour a white wine red with odourless, tasteless food dye, so it looks like a red wine, and you can sometimes fool even the experts into thinking that they can smell all those red wine aromas.

Here in Oxford, we are really interested in the effect of what we hear on what we taste. Not only the sounds of crunchy, crackly, crispy, creamy and carbonated foods but also the squeakiness of certain cheeses. Sound really is the forgotten flavour sense.

And then there is touch – the first taste is, in some sense, with the hand. Food certainly tastes different, often better, if we eat with our hands. Feel a different texture in your hand and you may very well feel things differently in your mouth too.

Professor Charles Spence is head of the Crossmodal Research Laboratory at Oxford University. He co-wrote *The Perfect Meal: The Multisensory Science of Food and Dining* and hosts multi-sensory tasting dinners: kitchen-theory.com

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Tyneham is Dorset's ghost village, once a thriving community and home to more than 200 inhabitants. In 1943 the village and 7,500 acres of surrounding downland were commandeered by the War Office for use as a firing range. A notice was left on the church door: 'Please treat the church and houses with care; we have given up our homes where many of us lived for generations to help win the war to keep men free. We shall return one day and thank you for treating the village kindly.'

The villagers had been promised their properties back at the end of the war. But in 1948 the British Army



placed a compulsory purchase order on the land and it became a permanent military training zone.

Since 1975 the public have been granted access to the village and to footpaths across

the ranges at weekends and throughout the month of August. Many of the buildings have fallen into disrepair or been damaged by shelling. The Elizabethan manor house was demolished in 1967. However, the church and school house remain intact and are open as museums. The schoolroom is arranged just as it would have been on a typical school day in the 1930s.

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FORWARD THINKING... The high life.

Erase all images of exploding dirigibles from your mind: elegant oddball airships could be gliding across our skies soon. Hybrid air vehicles are retro-futuristic, glide quietly, have a low carbon footprint and emissions – and, according to their manufacturers, better cargo-carrying capacity than virtually any other flying vehicle. Plus, Indiana Jones and his dad had a short trip in one, and who doesn't want a piece of that?

MY
PECCADILLO



SARAH SOLEMANI
BAD EDUCATION'S
MISS GULLIVER
MENTORING

Throughout my career I've benefited from experienced people giving me a helping hand. I had a small role in a Bob Hoskins film and he paid for my first Edinburgh show with Olivia Poulet. Financing plays a huge role in giving young artists a start but it isn't just cash. A kind word can get you through dark days. One of my favourite things is to keep an eye out for young golden sparks. Often it's girls who make me laugh.

Lauren O'Rourke [pictured below with Solemani] is the most hilarious, twisted writer; Kate Kennedy is a surrealist comedy voice; Ruby Wild's a formidable director. I saw them in National Youth theatre. I keep in touch, encourage their projects, reminding them how brilliant they are. Because it's easy to forget when you have an original voice and barriers to



break down. I'm always on the hunt for talent. A girl who asked me a question at a Q&A ended up on my train and made me laugh the whole way. Now she's working on a screenplay about her Nigerian heritage, so keep an eye out for Eki Maria.

Tony Benn said the duty of the old is to encourage the young. The truth is, they give me more than I give them. Their outlook opens my mind, their energy is intoxicating and they teach me things my phone can do I never thought possible.

The Five airs Fridays on Sky1
@Solemani

LETTER TO MY YOUNGER SELF

Laurie Anderson

When I was 16 I stopped playing the violin. After years of playing I realised I wasn't good enough to be a solo violin player. That was kind of shocking to me. And I also realised

if I wanted to be a professional violinist I'd have to practise so hard, like eight hours a day, and that would mean I could never learn anything else. I looked at the musicians around me and all they were doing were practising. I wanted to ask them, do you have any regrets? I wanted to learn German and physics, and I wanted to travel. So I quit playing the violin very suddenly. Several decades later I still don't speak German and I don't know physics. And I don't play the violin very well. But I've done lots of other things and I think that 16-year-old made a good choice. In fact, that decision, at that time, kind of marked the rest of my life.

I stayed away from music for a while after I was 16. The thought of it just stressed me out. We used to go to music camp, and the idea was that we'd play music in the woods in the summer and it would be beautiful – Tchaikovsky in the trees and lakes. But we also had these challenges and we'd be judged against each other. I am not a competitive person and I don't really enjoy that with other artists. It seemed like it had become more about the competition than the music.

I think I was a lot of things – well-balanced, angsty, happy, unhappy – when I was 16. I didn't work at having a consistent personality. I knew you were supposed to but that seemed crazy to me, to be just one person all the time. I understand why people don't want to change into a completely different person each day but there was a lot of pressure on teenagers to adopt one personality and stick with it. Like in the art world, where you're supposed to have one style and stick to it. That to me seems deadly. So I realised I wanted to be flexible.

I was always good at doing things for myself. I was from a very big family so you were always vying for attention and I didn't get much. I remember when I was about seven, my sister and I would run home from school, make peanut butter sandwiches, leave them in the kitchen, run back out, then run back into the house and say: "Wow, look what mom made for us! Peanut butter sandwiches!" Because my mother never had time to do things like that for us. I realised, though, love is, for me, the most important thing in the world, it's also important to take care of yourself.

As I've got older I've realised how much my memories of childhood are just stories I came up with to explain, or cope with, what was going on. When I was 12 I broke my back and had to spend a long time in a children's ward in hospital. When I talked about it I remembered that the doctors were idiots, they told me stupid stories, they said I'd never walk again – what did they know? When I looked back as an adult I almost had an audio hallucination – it all came back to me, being in that big room for months



Laurie Anderson playing the violin in 2006; with Lou Reed, who died from liver disease in 2013

with kids who had burns or terrible sickness, screaming the way kids do when they're dying. I was not able to handle it. And I realised my younger self's version of that time was my way of coping with being very frightened. And so every time I told that story I got further from the truth, I forgot it. You have your go-to stories from your past and you develop your themes.

I didn't love my mother – I really didn't – but

I did admire her. Her mother didn't love her either. Sometimes it just comes down the line. But there were parts of her that were wonderful. She was a huge influence on me. She was a very formal person and not able to articulate emotion at all. She should have been a CEO of a major corporation. She went to college at 16, and graduated, but she was born at a time when that stuff stopped when you had a family. She taught me to love books, which is a wonderful gift. My dad was much lighter, a very sweet

person who did love me a lot. I was lucky, a lot of people have two parents who don't like them very much. The more I think back on it the more I realise how much your parents shape what you become.

My parents didn't care much about what other people thought. My mother was quite a snob, so if people thought my work was ridiculous she would defend me by looking at their lives and saying, well most people just stick to the status quo so don't worry about what they say. I always tell young artists, why care what people think about what you do? A lot of people limit their own freedom by concerning themselves with the approval of others. So they decide not to be free. It's hard to be free.

If I met the 16-year-old me now, the first thing I'd do would be to thank her. She made some pretty good calls. I'd admit to her, I never did learn German but thanks for freeing me up to have fun. When I was young, much of art was about showing how you were suffering. I had some questions about that. I wanted to go towards the light. I haven't completely got over that, I'm still interested in other people's opinions.

But ultimately I'm my mother's snobbish daughter – you don't like it? Too bad. I like it. I don't want to sound too trivial but I'm here to have a good time.

Probably you fall in love with people who share certain basic things with you. It might have been hard for me to fall in love with someone who had big rules. I met Lou [Reed, her partner for 20 years until his death in 2013] at a music festival and that was my beat and it was his beat too. We were both pretty free but I don't think Lou and I just did whatever the hell we wanted. Even when he made *Metal Machine Music*, that was about giving people the opportunity to hear that. It wasn't showing disdain for people, it was 'check this out, this is great'. Oh, I was so lucky to meet him and be with him. I consider myself incredibly lucky. And not to have that go on forever? Well... that's just the situation.

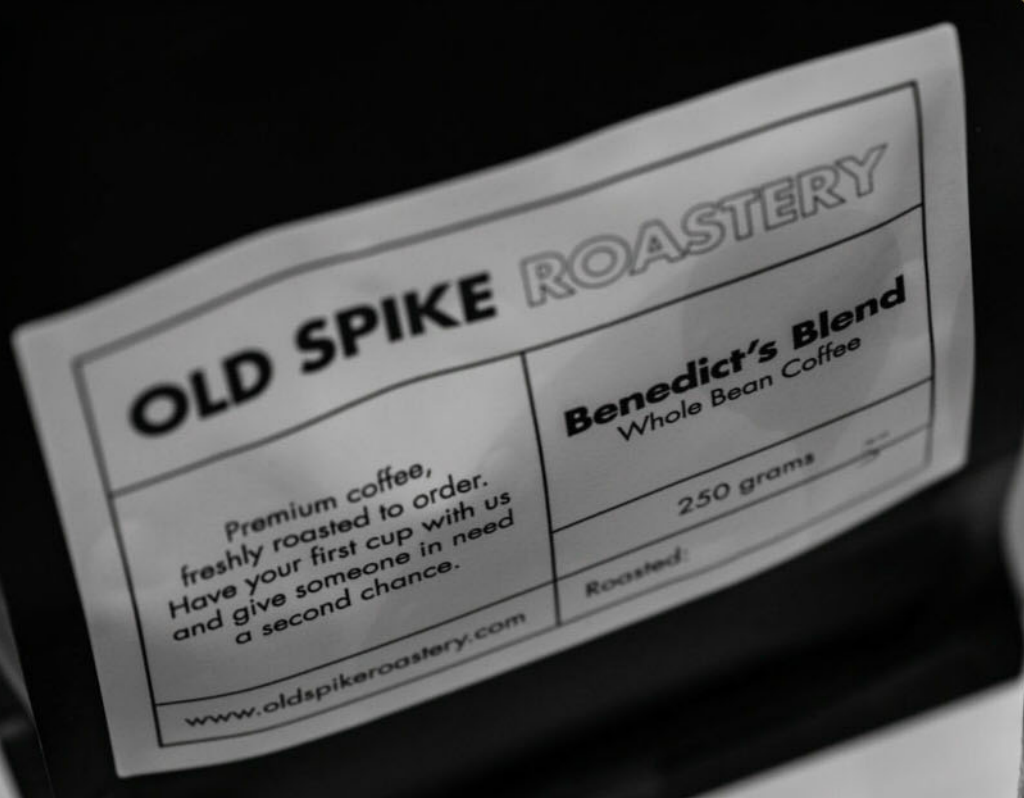
Laurie Anderson is guest director at the 50th Brighton Festival, which runs May 7-29. She will premiere new work at the festival, which has a theme of 'home'. brightonfestival.org
Interview: Jane Graham @Janeannie

IN 1963 THE YEAR LAURIE ANDERSON TURNS 16...

President John F Kennedy is assassinated / The Profumo affair leads to UK war minister John Profumo's resignation



**“It was hard for me to fall in love
with someone who had big rules.
Lou and I were pretty free”**



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Last year The Big Issue helped launch the groundbreaking coffee business Change Please and it created a lot more than just a caffeine buzz! The business employed homeless people – some of them ex-Big Issue vendors – and teamed up with the Old Spike Roastery to train them to sell fresh coffee from mobile carts on the streets of central London.

The launch saw the vans operating across eight sites, with the latest cart recently taking to Canary Wharf.

And now, with our brand new subscription service, you can get Old Spike Roastery coffee delivered straight to your door. Your coffee will be freshly roasted on a Monday and sent out to you the very next day. Choose from a three, six, nine or 12-month subscription to enjoy this ethically sourced, hand-roasted, delicious coffee.



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John Bird

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shop.bigissue.com

NEED TO GET IN TOUCH? JUST EMAIL SHOP@BIGISSUE.COM

Magic, monsters and inequality: we're still living in Victorian times



I'm into fairies. I realise that every time I pass the Harry Potter shop in King's Cross railway station that there must be money in apparitions.

Outside the shop there is a constant throng of people who line up to be photographed, holding on to half a railway trolley that disappears into the wall. A Potter shop staff member holds up a scarf around each person's neck, to look as if it is caught by the wind. Then the photographer shoots what I suppose is an official Potter photo.

I am not so sure of the significance of this event but hundreds and thousands of people seem to have been doing this over the last year that I have been passing, going upstairs to The Parcel Yard; the best reinvented railway pub I have ever known.

If you want to get an inkling of old-fashioned British Railway days, and even Victorian rail days, then go up the steps past Harry Potter and you enter a fabled world. Below you have a dream of Victorian/Edwardian public school England chopped around with Wagnerian monsters and ghouls; with 'goody' wizards *a la* Tolkien and CS Lewis; a definite throwback to cuddlier times. And upstairs you can have an honest drink or meal among a piece of historical history.

I much prefer the fable at The Parcel Yard that recreates actual railway history, to the dreams and fears of century-old story-makers morphed forward to our times.

Both, though, are big business. Nostalgia is one of the biggest industries being created today. Recently I wrote about my daughter's Potter wand, which she still takes with her to threatening places. These artefacts are taken seriously by those caught up with Potterisms.

With this in mind, I have decided to introduce a fairy into my latest serious book about the fight to end Idealism. Perhaps more people will buy it.

It is quite extraordinary how many fairies and wizards and ghouls crept into serious books in Victorian times. William Morris, one of the most consistent socialist voices against Victorian capitalism,

drowned him and his family and half his generation in dreams of monsters and Potter-like struggles and mayhem.

So as I incorporate fairies and perhaps even a few wizards into my serious critique of the political world, I am following examples set in the 19th century. And Morris is a very good critic, along with his mate John Ruskin, to use as a guide to a



Modern fantasy can't help us escape the past

partisan understanding of what our forefathers were up to politically.

How Victorian we all are, I find myself reflecting. How we seem to be unable to escape the Victorian world. For while people sit in a recreated Victorian pub at King's Cross or imagine a world of Victorian or Edwardian monsters, fairies and wizards, *a la* Harry Potter, down the road at Number 10 Downing Street, a group of people protest the tax hideaways favoured by the rich and comfortable; using the language of that great Victorian Karl Marx.

"Probably the only modern thing about Britain today is the NHS. The only non-Victorian thing. Universal health provision"

And there's me sitting in the House of Lords chamber, a mock Gothic Victorian invention to replace the ancient Palace of Westminster that burnt down in 1834; three years before Princess Victoria became the Queen and began the age we have yet to escape.

So Marx is back, fairies are back; magical wizard-creating public schools are back; and Victorian pubs to slake our accompanying thirsts are back.

Of course we must remember that we have not entirely returned to Victoria's time. We have our mass consumerism that drives helter-skelter the gap between rich and poor. And we have our pension funds, remaining the biggest amount of money in the world, a kind of expression of People's Capitalism if ever there was one.

And of course we have a highly strained, disheartened NHS, which also is expressed at the gate of Number 10, along with Marxian-inspired vitriol for tax avoiders. Last week the junior doctors' campaign decided to put a few doctors sleeping rough outside Number 10, to remind us of the current crisis over their relationships with government.


Probably the only modern thing about Britain today is the NHS. The only non-Victorian thing. Universal health provision seems to have been dreamed up between Victoria and Elizabeth's time; and the idea that all of our lives are sacrosanct. The NHS says it isn't just the rich and comfortable catered for and the poor left to make do. It is us all.

And that is what the junior doctors say they are fighting for.

When any unhistorical 'prick' starts talking about Britain moving back to the '30s or Victorian times, remember one thing only: that we have an NHS that does not make social distinctions that were made at earlier times. So if you fall down ill in Parliament Square, they'll pick you up, whether you're a pauper or a peer.

My fairy-dripping book will be out soon.

John Bird is the founder and Editor in Chief of The Big Issue. @johnbirdswords
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Panama Papers 'revelations' aren't new. And Britain is part of the problem



I have not seen anything new or unfamiliar in the tax avoidance techniques in the Panama Papers – we knew the kind of things rich people and big companies were doing to avoid paying tax. But to see these things outlined in black and white in the documents – the creation of offshore entities and the use of nominee directors – is still very striking. And to see a legal firm, Mossack Fonseca, not only complying but actively facilitating tax avoidance is also very significant.

The firm claims everything it has been doing is legal. But it is up to the government of Panama to take the firm to court to establish whether it broke the laws on compliance, due diligence and money laundering. Only then will we know if the firm's actions were legal, as it claims. And it's important to realise that Mossack Fonseca is probably not doing anything very different from any other law firms specialising in offshore tax.

Tax havens remain a big problem globally. People who defend tax havens along the lines of wealth creation have lost touch with how the majority of us are living. If there is nothing wrong with tax havens, as some people claim, why has there been such secrecy? What do they have to hide?

You can debate the various types of taxation, you can debate how much people should pay. But if one group of people, the very wealthy, decides it is beyond those debates, beyond regulation, then the rest of us are entitled to be angry about that. We should all be subject to the decisions our elected governments make about tax. So there is something deeply unjust and hugely damaging for democracy about avoiding tax and evading regulation.

It's damaging for our economies too. Many of the poorest cannot pay much tax. But the middle class does pay a lot of tax and is being squeezed. Meanwhile, the rich

use their power and privilege to avoid much of the tax they should be paying. They are living inside their own luxury economy while the real economy is stagnating.



Politicians around the globe, including Cameron, have come under pressure

David Cameron has said that Britain is taking a lead in the fight against tax abuse. But Britain remains part of the problem, not part of the solution. Some of the biggest tax havens are British jurisdictions.

**“Some of the
biggest tax
havens are British
jurisdictions.
Places like the
Channel Islands
have facilitated
secretive deals
linked to the
City of London”**

Places like the Channel Islands and the British Virgin Islands have facilitated secretive deals and are strongly linked to the City of London.

By releasing his tax returns, David Cameron will hope to have assuaged public outrage, for now. It was essentially a PR move but it has set an interesting precedent for greater openness. And in declaring his commitment to end tax abuse, Cameron may eventually be pushed to actually do something, so long as public pressure is strong enough.

Forcing big companies to do country-by-country reporting of their finances could be a really important way of getting greater tax transparency. At the moment, it's too easy for multinational corporations to provide consolidated accounts, rather than explain what their tax arrangements are in each country they operate in.

The EU is looking at proposals to get country-by-country reporting in Europe. It would be very useful if it meant the big companies had to explain their use of tax havens – but as always, the devil is in the detail. It is up to us all to look at the detail and try to insist on more transparency. If we do that, the impact of the Panama Papers could yet be far-reaching and important.

We must also remember to pay attention to what happens to the originator of the leak. We don't yet know who the whistleblower was but unfortunately they are usually made to suffer in cases like this. Whistleblowers need to be protected. In this case they are doing all of us a great favour – we have them to thank for forcing our leaders to face up to tax abuse.

Ronen Palan is Professor of International Politics at City University London.

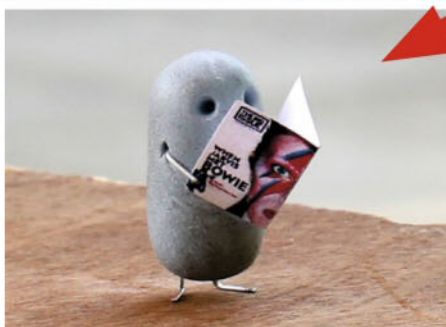
He was speaking to Adam Forrest
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ANXTI, BOWIE AND THE BIG ISSUE

BY ANXTI

ANXTI is a London artist who created this piece especially for The Big Issue. "My work deals with my own issues with anxiety," he explains. "It's something I have suffered from my entire life. ANXTI is one of my coping mechanisms. The physical act of making my work, even thinking about it, is a great distraction from the stresses of everyday life. My hope for this project is to help, entertain and increase the awareness of male mental health issues like anxiety." View more of his work at: [instagram.com/anxti](https://www.instagram.com/anxti)

HOPE BY ANIL PATHAK

I wander slowly through tall trees
I am the shoulders of a light winter breeze
I am the sound all diminishing
I see you cry all alone, I am the want in
your tearful eyes
I am the light in the summer sunshine
I am the bite of a night's, come to me please
I could bring you down to your knees
I am in the hills as you stare
But I am good, I can never catch your
unawares!
Be comforted for I am there.

Anil is a poet and artist from Brighton.
With his work, he aims to provoke positive
emotions and feelings in the observer or reader.



▲ THE RIFT

BY ABDI

Abdi moved to the UK to escape the war in Somalia. He has lived in Swansea, Gloucestershire and London. Sometimes he is housed, sometimes he is homeless. He has worked in factories and various temporary roles via agencies. He enjoys drawing portraits and capturing interactions between people.

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Thousands of Wildling refugees wait to be evacuated from Hardhome in *Game of Thrones*

GAME OF THRONES IS REAL - IT'S HAPPENING RIGHT NOW

If you think it's all fantasy, think again, says **John Henry Clay**.
Westeros is our world, and its storylines are very real

It's a shocking sight. Hundreds of men, women and children crowd onto boats amid scenes of chaos and panic. Behind them lie abandoned homes and lives, destroyed by an enemy of untold savagery. Ahead lies a perilous journey into a foreign land, where they will be met with suspicion and resentment.

Does this describe Jon Snow's desperate evacuation of Wildlings from the stricken northern lands of Westeros? Or the plight of families fleeing Syria for an uncertain future in

Europe? Take your pick. Because one of the reasons for the success of *Game of Thrones* is that it resonates with us on levels we might not immediately recognise.

At first glance the world is pure fantasy, albeit grittier than we're used to: *The Lord of the Rings* with fewer elves, rather more violence and a lot more sex. Westeros is home to the united Seven Kingdoms,



Refugees arriving at the Italian island Lampedusa

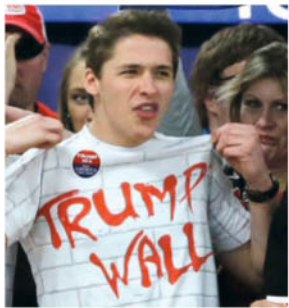
currently enjoying a bloody cycle of civil wars and assassinations. In the north stands a 700 foot-high rampart of ice known only as the Wall, patrolled by the brotherhood of the Night's Watch. Under their young, grim-faced leader Jon Snow, the Watch are sworn to shield the Seven Kingdoms from the mysterious dangers of the north. Some of these dangers, namely the fur-clad barbarians known as Wildlings, are human. Some are not. But look a little closer and the world

becomes more real by the second.

Famously, George RR Martin's inspiration for the Wall was our own Hadrian's Wall, built in the second century AD 'to separate Romans from barbarians', as one ancient historian put it. It's the most famous and evocative Roman monument in Britain, and Martin was smart to borrow it.

For walls have power, both physical and symbolic. They divide, demarcate, define 'Us' against 'Them'. When Donald Trump swears to build a wall to keep out Mexicans, it hardly matters that he shows no awareness of just how impractical such a project





A Donald Trump supporter (left); the Wall that separates the Wildlings from the Seven Kingdoms in *GoT*

would be. What matters is that he speaks to people's basic fears, pins all their problems on one cause, and then offers a sure-fire solution that everyone can understand.

It's a winning sales tactic, true. Unfortunately, history, like *Game of Thrones*, teaches us that the real world isn't so simple. If Hadrian's Wall had been meant just to keep people out, it wouldn't have been built with a gate every mile. It was less a barrier, more a way of controlling movement, making sure traders paid custom fees, and projecting Roman power both north and south.

The Wall of Westeros, on the other hand, was built as a barrier – but to keep out the supernatural hordes of the White Walkers, not the human Wildlings. The Free Folk, as the Wildlings call themselves, are victims of circumstance like the Syrian refugees of today, caught in a trap they had no part in making. Meanwhile, the people of the Seven Kingdoms, like modern Europeans, see themselves as even less responsible. Why should they bear the burden of helping people they don't know or care about? Why should they risk letting strangers bring an alien culture and religion into their land?

It's to Martin's credit that he offers no easy answers. In *Game of Thrones* we might side with the Wildlings but many of them have in fact raided and murdered in the south, and they first approach the Wall not as refugees but as invaders. Perhaps, we are forced to ask ourselves, the southerners are right to fear them. Perhaps Jon Snow's compassion is born of naivety.

Likewise, some would say that our human instinct should be to sympathise with the plight of innocent refugees from the Middle East. Others point out that this doesn't make the humanitarian burden any easier for stretched European economies to bear. Nor does it help reassure people who suffer genuine fear of the extremists who brought death to the citizens of Paris and Brussels. There is no easy answer.

If we turn to history, we see that these problems are nothing new. The Wildlings of the Roman world were the tribe known as the Goths, who first entered the empire as refugees in 376 AD. Neither the Goths, driven from their homeland by the Huns, nor the Romans, suddenly faced with thousands of asylum seekers, chose to be put in this situation.

But it was Roman abuse and intolerance that drove the Goths to take up arms in revolt. Both sides became embittered and militant. Two years later the Goths killed a Roman emperor in battle, along with half of his army. A generation later they sacked Rome itself. If there's a lesson here, it's up to us to find it.

The brilliance of *Game of Thrones* lies in the believability of its world. Of course we believe that southerners would treat the Wildling refugees with suspicion and contempt. Of course we believe that the desperate and downtrodden would flock to charismatic leaders, and that a cumbersome political union like the Seven Kingdoms would start to creak under its own weight. We have seen all this before in history – and now we see it again in our own time.

John Henry Clay is a lecturer in early medieval history at Durham University. He is author of *The Lion and the Lamb* and *At the Ruin of the World*. *Game of Thrones* season six airs April 26 at 9pm on Sky Atlantic

A HISTORY BUFF'S GUIDE TO GAME OF THRONES

BY PROFESSOR SARAH PEVERLEY



Pick practically any period in world history, and precedents for the characters and action can be found in abundance.

The Dothraki, for instance, are reminiscent of early nomadic horse-riding peoples, like the Mongols, Huns and various Native American tribes, while the fierce, seafaring nation of the Iron Islands, the Ironborn, align with the Vikings. Pick any location in Westeros or Essos and the fictional geography maps onto terrains our ancestors inhabited. Thus, the Great Pyramid of Meereen evokes ancient Egypt, and the labyrinthine canals of Braavos nod to the watery geography of Renaissance Venice.

But as any fan will know, the series owes its greatest debt to the history of medieval Britain, especially the protracted civil conflict known as the Wars of the Roses. In the rival Houses of Stark, Lannister, Baratheon, and Targaryen, there are clear reverberations of the Houses of York and Lancaster – the rival dynasties that vied for control of the English throne between 1455 and 1487 and were dogged by a torrent of regicide and appalling battles, such as the bloody devastation at Towton, where 28,000 men died amidst a snow storm befitting Winterfell.

No temper the raw physicality of the fictitious hostilities, the Wars of the Roses also furnishes *Game of Thrones* with a tangled web of political intrigues and

betrayals. Aspects of **Tyrian Lannister's** story parallel **Richard III's** as he stands accused of attempting to murder young Bran Stark in a tower at Winterfell. Like Richard III, Tyrian also exhibits Machiavellian behaviour. His love of books and instinctive ability to read people makes him adept at manipulating events and influencing others.

Cersei Lannister is equally adept at exploiting others to advance her cause. In this, and her irrepressible devotion to her children, she bears a striking resemblance to Margaret of Anjou, the consort of 'mad king' Henry VI. Like Cersei, Margaret engaged in the male-dominated politicking at court and was vexed by rumours of her son's illegitimacy. In an attempt to strengthen her family's position, she was forced to negotiate a number of strategic alliances – the most incredible being the marriage of her son, Prince Edward, to Anne Neville, daughter of the earl of Warwick, Richard Neville, the man who had helped to depose Henry VI several years earlier in 1461.

Perhaps it's *Game of Thrones'* capacity for capturing the essence of real-life drama, but not slavishly following them through to their historic conclusions, that leaves viewers wanting more. We might hazard a guess that Daenerys Targaryen will return across the 'narrow sea' to claim the Iron Throne, as her dragon-bearing counterpart Henry VII did when he crossed the Channel to claim the English throne from Richard III. But with myriad historical machinations, murders and power-plays to draw on, it's more likely *Game of Thrones* will throw in more twists inspired by incredible dramas of the past.

Sarah Peverley is Professor of English Literature at the University of Liverpool
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Tyrian Lannister's character could be inspired by Richard III



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GRAN OF THRONES

The Windsors are the world's favourite soap opera – but as the Queen turns 90
Lucy Sweet says her squeaky-clean clan could take a few lessons from *Game of Thrones*

On the face of it, there's some disparity between our candy floss-haired Queen and power-crazed characters of *Game of Thrones*. For one, Queenie likes a soft-boiled egg and horseracing, while her *GoT* counterparts – Daenerys Targaryen and Cersei Lannister – prefer dragon eggs and having it away with their brothers. But even though you wouldn't catch the Queen fighting White Walkers with her Valyrian steel sword, the Royal Family are no strangers to drama. She might look like a nice great-granny but the Queen has ancestors that make King Joffrey look like Geoffrey from *Rainbow*.

Ever since Edward VIII abdicated, the British public have been hooked on the heady story of the Royal Family. Before that, we were full of respect and awe, doffing our caps (you'd lose your head if you didn't). The Royals were vital to our identity but an abstract notion nonetheless. We liked them on coins, not the front page of the *Mirror*. It was only when Diana came along that the lurid soap opera started. She heralded the beginning of PalaceEnders. Nobody could resist her charm: with her Krystle Carrington shoulder pads and *Howards' Way* hair, she created a racy narrative that turned the Royals into a world-renowned, tabloid-bothering reality show.

In 1992 Diana published a tell-all memoir, revealing Charles and Camilla's affair. Meanwhile, the Princess Royal divorced Mark Phillips, Prince Andrew divorced Fergie, and Windsor Castle caught fire like the *Rovers Return* might on Christmas Day. The Queen, mumbling about her annus horribilis, brought down the portcullis, and the Way Ahead Group was established, featuring senior advisers and PR experts. (Perhaps it's no coincidence Prince

Edward formed a TV company, Ardent Productions, the following year, then married Sophie, a PR exec). Now the Royal soap is supremely stage-managed. Every night, during *News at 10*'s 'and finally' bit, the next installment is aired. The Duchess of Cambridge wears a dress in India! Prince George goes to nursery! Prince Charles stands awkwardly near a steel band! The Queen waves!

And of course we have Diana 2.0 – Kate Middleton. She ticks all the Diana boxes, except one. She is almost deliberately insipid, like she's been ordered from a catalogue. Diana liked clicking her fingers at Live Aid, had affairs, dodged land mines and died in a high-speed car chase in Paris. Kate's an agreeable Saturday afternoon trip to the shops, followed by a scone in the John Lewis cafe. You can almost hear the Queen rubbing her gloved hands with glee. Since Diana, the highly choreographed Royal Soap has been getting more and more boring. Charles and Camilla are now about as pulse-racing as a 3am repeat of *Countryfile*. Prince Philip has been replaced by Nigel Farage as the racist buffoon du jour. Kate and Wills might be pumping out heirs but they're not exactly the Kardashians. Maybe The Queen needs to figure out a reboot. They could take the *Hollyoaks*/*Made in Chelsea* route with Eugenie and Beatrice getting into hilarious scrapes at Mahiki. The producers of PalaceEnders need to up their game. Kate wearing an outfit like the one Princess Di used to wear is not going to grip the public for long. But if she was dressed in white robes and strapped to a DRAGON, now that would be interesting... **TBI**

@lucytweet1

'AS YOU READ THIS, I WILL HAVE BEEN LIVING IN MY CAR FOR NINE YEARS AND NINE MONTHS PRECISELY'

Nick Andrew was a music teacher until he decided to follow his dream of being a full-time musician, touring up and down the country. But, as he explains, the only way to survive was to turn the backseat of his car into a bedroom...

An overweight guitar teacher walks at speed to the sanctuary of the off-licence. Two bottles of overpriced vino are put on the overweight plastic and the major mission of the day is done. Once hidden inside a row of overpriced rented bricks and mortar, the cork is popped and the overly damaged liver can continue its journey to oblivion under the pretence of stress relief.

That used to be me. As a fat teacher I worked constantly, feeling my talent drain away with every lesson, suffering from monthly muggings by bills, rent and runaway interest that left me for dead. Funny how one of society's most valuable assets – education – pays very little! Depression, alcohol and endless teachings of Smoke on the Water were taking over until one day I decided that I'd had enough. That day I decided to become homeless.

Let me qualify that. As you read this, I will have been living in my car for nine years and nine months precisely. It was never my dream to become homeless, it was because of my need to live the way I want, to be a musician. It was meant to be a two-week cost-cutting experiment but turned into a nine-year (and counting) lifestyle change, as my need for TV, sofas, central heating, microwaves, hot running water and fitted wardrobes eroded. Basic instincts took over. Shelter, warmth, food and something particular to me, a place to practise, became the daily battle.

The problems of sleeping comfortably were quickly solved when my backseat became my bedroom. I consider myself a decent cook and eat a good balanced diet of the cheapest food one can buy. Heat and warmth (or keeping cool) is an ever-evolving mission but I am a Scot, therefore I either adapt or invent (or just drink).

I belong to several gyms up and down the country. Every time I need a shower I go to a gym, which gives me more reason to train on the weights. With all my years of knowledge and study, I never imagined that my greatest work in progress would be hunting the great water closet. The infinite toilet toil. Before you ask, I always find a sit-down potty for my sit-down potty functions. I now have an app on my phone, which locates the nearest toilet to me using GPS (General Public Sanitation). The problem with this is that it only lists the toilets that people have reported, and not every facility will be accounted for. If you use these apps, please report any missing conveniences, not just for my sake but for the countless unfortunates who have weak



bladders or undergo operations that make visits more regular and essential.

A few years ago I was gigging 'Oop North' and a young chap had made my acquaintance outside the venue asking for money and food.

"How long have you been homeless?" I asked.

"Two years."

"Why?"

"Aw, this and that," he dodged. He paused: "I bet you've got a nice house?"

"Ha! No. I'm homeless too. Have been for over six years."

"Nah yer not!" he said in disbelief and annoyance, as if he thought I was making fun of him.

"I've been living in my car for six years."

He shook my hand. Almost at that minute the snow started. As we simultaneously gazed skywards, I asked: "Are you going to be warm enough?"

He looked at me, with a slightly glazed look of madness and said: "Who cares!"

As I was scrambling around the dark recesses of my head to retort with something powerful and life-changing, the call came to go inside and get ready for the gig. Walking back towards the entrance, I wished the disadvantaged young soul luck. The encounter underlined the fine line I walk between living in a car and being 'homeless'. With a mouthful of sandwich, he shouted after me: "At least you have a car!"

I asked if he could stay in the venue but fortunately someone had found him a place at a local hostel. Within the space of three minutes I went from shaking the frozen hand of that young man to shaking the hand of the icon that is Midge Ure! I was reluctant to discuss my living situation with Midge but after the gig the organiser prompted me. I divulged: "I live in my car..." I held my breath. No difficult small talk, just the usual questions. However, because they themselves were

"Ah! I'm homeless. Can't I pick them up? I'm in your car park right now!"

"No. It's policy. You are not insured to be on our premises."

"But I'm here, outside!"

"No, it's policy."

And therein lies the rub. The word 'policy' has become more negative than 'no'. Forget about visiting the doctor or dentist if you are abodeless. The only way around it is to 'borrow' an address. I don't possess the invisibility cloak of a homeless person but I sometimes receive the same stigma. If you are ever genuinely in need people are hardwired to help but become hardened to those who don't help themselves. To those who truly understand my situation, I have earned something that money can't buy – respect!

The down side is that I still earn less than I did when I was a teenager. The first rung of the music business ladder is now broken beyond repair. Imagine being involved in an industry where every day one has to reinvent a business plan. From MTV to piracy, my music has been devalued so much that even when given away no one listens. My work is made to delight a sense that no one uses any more. People now listen with their eyes and look with their wallets. Music has never been cheaper. If everyone paid 99p for all the streams, YouTube hits and illegal downloads for my music, I'd be able to buy a small country (where no one would be homeless).

When I was 18 I never considered I'd be living below the breadline and be a 'nobody'. But had my 33-year-old self continued down the path of normality, I would never have gigged as much, played the Royal Festival Hall, produced five albums, got myself on TV and written a book. I also wouldn't possess the time or energy to promote my original band Zipper Tongue and our album, *Above All Noise*.

Do I consider myself homeless? No, but my reality



used to touring around, this time the questions were more thoughtful. They all saw the logistical logic of my lifestyle completely, which made me feel vindicated in my life choice.

Logistical and medical support is a non-starter. I was recently sitting outside a warehouse on the phone to the sales team trying to buy some amplifier valves. The price was right and I was about to give the lass my long number when I asked if I could collect.

"No, they must be sent to an address."

dictates otherwise when I need to plug my electric guitar equipment in. I'm also one of the few pro synthesiser guitarists in the world, so the great irony of my chosen lifestyle is that I can't easily do the job I gave it all up for.

So it looks like I will be sleeping in a street near you for the foreseeable future. **TB**

Nick Andrew's book *Backseat Bedroom* is out now. Zipper Tongue's album *Above All Noise* is available to buy at zippertongue.com

MARK HAMILL

- MEETS -

THE KINKS

After his sensational meeting with Ray Davies in *The Big Issue's* Heroes edition, this week **Mark Hamill** joins forces with Ray's brother, *The Kinks'* legendary guitar man **Dave Davies**, in a living room far, far away (well, west London). If you thought last week's encounter with Ray was good, then you'll love this

Mark Hamill: So the night that Ray showed up to play at your solo show last December – is it true you didn't know he was going to do it?

Dave Davies: I had rehearsed a few Kinks songs with the band so I emailed him: Why don't you come on at the end, do You Really Got Me and the fans will go crazy? He said he would try but had a prior engagement. He kept tormenting me, like he does, right up until we get to the song. Then I look over my shoulder – and it is like the shadow in *Dirty Harry*.

MH: You always think in cinematic terms. You cast your songs like movies, I'm sure.

DD: Me and Ray have always talked like that. Our writing has always been visual. So he was standing there, like my shadow, I announce him and he comes on. I was so ill that night but made myself do the show. When I got on stage something automatic took over. Your brain knows what to do. It was like I was watching it.

MH: An out-of-body experience? I've had that feeling performing. It is so odd.

DD: I'm so glad you got to speak with Ray, though.

MH: Ray was very engaging, very funny. I hope I made him laugh. This has been so special for me. I'm not trying to organise some sort of faux reunion. You have been such a part of the soundtrack of my life. Is it true you had legendary rave-ups with your dad, who was a gardener and loved music?

DD: The start of The Kinks was around the piano playing folks songs.

MH: And didn't you have a band before Ray came into the picture? The Ramrods?

DD: Well remembered! And then the Boll-Weevils, which I got from an Eddie Cochran B-side. Ray was at art school but found he liked music more. It is so immediate.

MH: Well into my career, I took my dad to see *The Paper Chase* in Hollywood. I had been a professional

actor for six years. On the way home, he said he loved the movie but if I ever wanted to consider law school he would match me dollar for dollar. He couldn't conceive of acting as a legitimate profession.

DD: My maths teacher said to me: Davies, you will only be fit to sweep the street!

MH: John Lennon's aunt Mimi famously told him: "The guitar is nice but you will never earn a living from it." You were lucky to be in an atmosphere where it was encouraged.

DD: Your father thought you should go into a safer career?

MH: Well, we can talk about over-achieving older brothers. We have that in common. My brother Bill got great grades, was really handsome, good at sports, the girls threw themselves at him and he became a doctor. Doctor Hamill, the success of the family. Because, let's face it, science trumps the arts every time.

DD: That is why I got interested in eastern mystical stuff – because in the east, people who develop their spiritual lives are revered.

MH: I went to nine schools in 12 years. My dad was in the navy. When I heard we were moving to Japan, I was crushed. All I could think was, do they have The Kinks in Japan? But we used to have campfires on the beach and listen to music. To earn money I taught Japanese rock bands what the lyrics to rock songs were.

DD: You were a pioneer! Do you know what I'm thinking of now? Yoda! What a stroke of genius...

MH: You are only a few years older than me, and when I first heard You Really Got Me on the radio, it ripped my guts out. I was 12. I had never heard anything so primal. All I could think was that I had to get that single. I mowed lawns, collected deposit bottles, I'd take my wagon door-to-door to save up the money. From then on my goal in life was to convert people to



The Kinks. But I can't relate to you at that age because you were having hit records whereas I could barely get my shoelaces tied correctly. I was clueless. You grew up so incredibly fast – just the fact you got kicked out of school for having sex with your girlfriend made you a hero in my mind!

DD: I can remember that like it was yesterday. I forgot to pull up my trousers, I was so embarrassed.

MH: And she had a daughter by that experience. You wrote the song Susannah's Still Alive about that?

DD: I am still writing songs about that.

MH: It has to be a haunting experience – they made you separate?

DD: It never goes away. They put her in an unmarried mother's home. I found out where it was. I used to walk by and hope to catch a glimpse of her in the window.

MH: That's so sad. Really poignant imagery there.

DD: Different times, the '60s were like Victorian times compared to now, in some ways.

MH: I'm looking at your solo stuff, and it is almost like George Harrison in The Beatles. You must have built up an enormous amount of material. We had been waiting for your debut solo LP since *Death of a Clown* in 1967. In 1980, *AFLI-3603* finally came out and *Glamour* follows right away.

DD: It was a time when Ronald Reagan became president. I thought, politics has become showbiz. It is entertainment. A lot of people didn't like it.

But if you try to do what the audience want, that is death. For *Chosen People* [in 1983] I had been investigating religion. The concept was, maybe we are all chosen – it is whether we take the chance or not.

MH: I read once that you like working fast because it doesn't give you a chance to second guess yourself. Pure instinct. That is so smart. You can be too much of a perfectionist. If they had let Stanley Kubrick keep going, he would still be shooting his first movie.

DD: There is something in that. With a lot of work in The Kinks, instinct takes over. I go: "Ray, we got it!" After a certain point, you can make it worse.

MH: You lived round the corner from me when I was doing *Slipstream* in 1988. That is when I got to know you better. My wife Marilou got along with Nancy [Evans] really well, our kids were around the same age. They went off to hang out, leaving us by ourselves. We would watch *Monty Python* and you turned me on to Tony Hancock. This guy is such a genius!

DD: He is just brilliant.

MH: I had never heard of him, he is not well known in the US.

DD: His work really stands the test of time. He relates to all of us because he feels like he's failed at everything. We all carry that character with us.

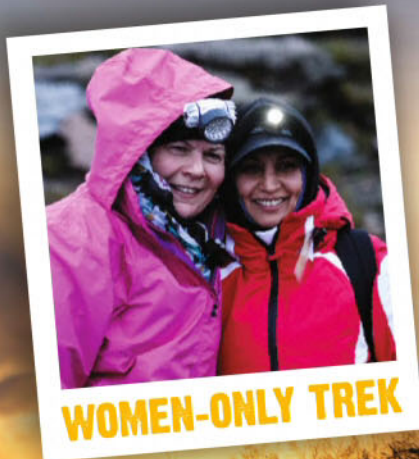
MH: And comedy comes from great tragedy. The pathos.

DD: I love opposites. That is the great thing about >


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Face to Face: Hamill browses The Kinks LPs with Dave Davies, while Luke Skywalker's dog Millie looks on.
Feel the Force: Hamill with last week's Heroes Special.

Star Wars. The story is embedded in our collective unconscious. I watched it about six times on tour in 1977. It was on in every town we passed through. And because I had started on the occult, magic, mysticism and yoga, I thought it was weird because Darth is a name that's part of the Kabbalah. They used ritualistic magic. I thought, who is this George Lucas guy? Is he a mystic? Even your character – the word Skywalker is from ancient occult history, someone who projected his spiritual body out into the sky.

MH: Did you know they changed the name when we were already filming? He was originally called Luke Starkiller.

DD: Ooh, no. That's like Rambo or something.

MH: Sure but at that age, in my young 20s, I thought he needed macho-ing up.

DD: That is the genius of the character.

MH: I see it now.

DD: *Star Wars* has a very powerful message. We joke about the Force when there are events we can't get our heads around, where we don't have the language. But I think there are other languages – psychic, feeling. Being a performer, you are looking for an idea. You sense where it is. Ideas are waiting for us to reach out to them – like Yoda!

MH: You get *Star Wars* far more than I do. I'm much more literal.

DD: It is a state of mind. And Luke Skywalker is like that. There are mystical elements. He is channelling this energy from somewhere. Ray is very psychic. But he doesn't like to talk about it. He talks about music as a visual language, the characters come to him.

MH: Do you feel a psychic connection to your brother? It is almost unique in the annals of rock history that two siblings are so tied together in their careers. It must be difficult at times.

DD: Absolutely. But we have a telepathy or rapport like twins. I experience it so much with Ray. It reminds me of feeling a disturbance in the Force! We can affect each other for good or bad. On stage, in a room, performing, I have

experienced moments with Ray when I don't know what is going on. Something else has taken over. You look for it and it has gone. Every time the conscious mind tries to get hold of it, it goes.

MH: I've been trying to work through your solo LPs but we are only up to *Bug* in 2002!

DD: I'll tell you a story about *Bug*. As you know, I've always been interested in the mind and psychic stuff. Around that time, I knew this woman who was a psychic, and she told me that she had been implanted with something in her brain which she thought might be aliens, maybe the government. I wrote a song about a character with a bug in my brain, trying to make it funny as well. A year later I was in London doing radio and became really faint. I was with Christian, my son – he says hi by the way – and I was in the throes of having a stroke. Same year that I write that story about a bug in the brain, and I was in hospital having a stroke. Something going on in my brain.

MH: You had to relearn everything. Speech? But you could do your fret arm. The rhythm was the problem. I noticed the long gap before *Fractured Mindz*...

DD: I had to relearn everything.

MH: That was why it was so astonishing seeing you last year at the Roxy. You were as great as you ever were. It is interesting to hear you sing *See My Friends*. The essence of the band was there with just you.

DD: That is sweet, thank you.

MH: I mean that. If you got back together as The Kinks, great. But you have given us what we need. Without reading your biography I would never have known you had any health issue, much less a stroke. That chunky guitar, the vocals. Ripping up *Time*? You ripped the roof off the joint! Oh, I'm so glad we got to do this.

DD: We could go on forever.

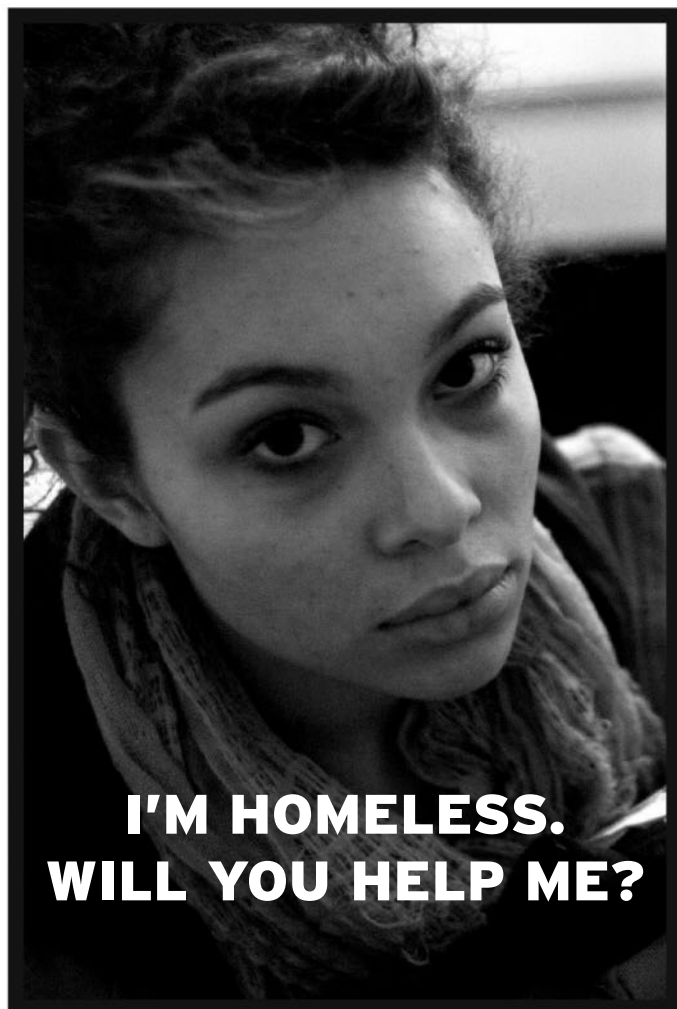
MH: I don't want to stop... **TBI**

The Kinks' album *Everybody's in Show-Biz* (Sony) is reissued on June 3.

Mark Hamill and Dave Davies were recorded by Adrian Lobb @adey70.


Read more of this and Mark's interview with Ray Davies at bigissue.com





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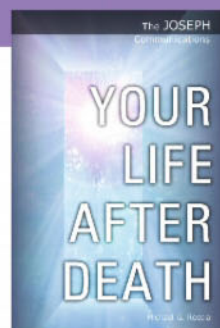


Human Writes

Human Writes is a long-established organisation founded for the purpose of befriending prisoners on Death Row in the United States through letter-writing. Although based in the UK, we have members from many countries and our organisation is well known and internationally respected. Just under 3000 prisoners are currently held in harsh, lonely conditions, and letters from the outside world are often their only contact while they await their execution dates. A prisoner in Ohio recently wrote *"It's hard to find pure human beings that have a motive to encourage and uplift someone in need. A lot of people have turned their backs on us and most of them are immediate family. To have someone reach out despite what a person has been accused of, and comfort the individual as much as possible with no judgement at all, is just amazing. I didn't even know that such people existed."*

If you would like to know more about joining our organisation or becoming a penfriend, please send an SAE to

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THE ENLIGHTENMENT

BOOKS/FILM/TV/MUSIC/GEEK

THE BARD

REELING OFF SHAKESPEARE

William Shakespeare, who died 400 years ago on April 23, is renowned for being handy with his wordplay, so it seems strange that pioneers of early silent cinema often looked to the Bard for inspiration.

1) The earliest surviving footage of Shakespeare on film. This is Herbert Beerbohm Tree starring in *King John* in 1899. The play was screened in cinemas simultaneously on the night it opened in London. Last year's live simulcast of Benedict Cumberbatch's *Hamlet* suddenly seems less innovative. 2) Note the groundbreaking special effects in this still from the 1910 adaptation of *King Lear*, where the film has been physically scratched to create the raging storm. 3) A hand-tinted frame from an Italian adaption of *The Merchant of Venice* – actually filmed in Venice. 4) Sir John Gielgud's film debut in 1922, aged 20, as a youthful Romeo.

All these clips and more are being screened at the BFI's *Shakespeare on Film* festival.

► bfi.org.uk/shakespeare-on-film

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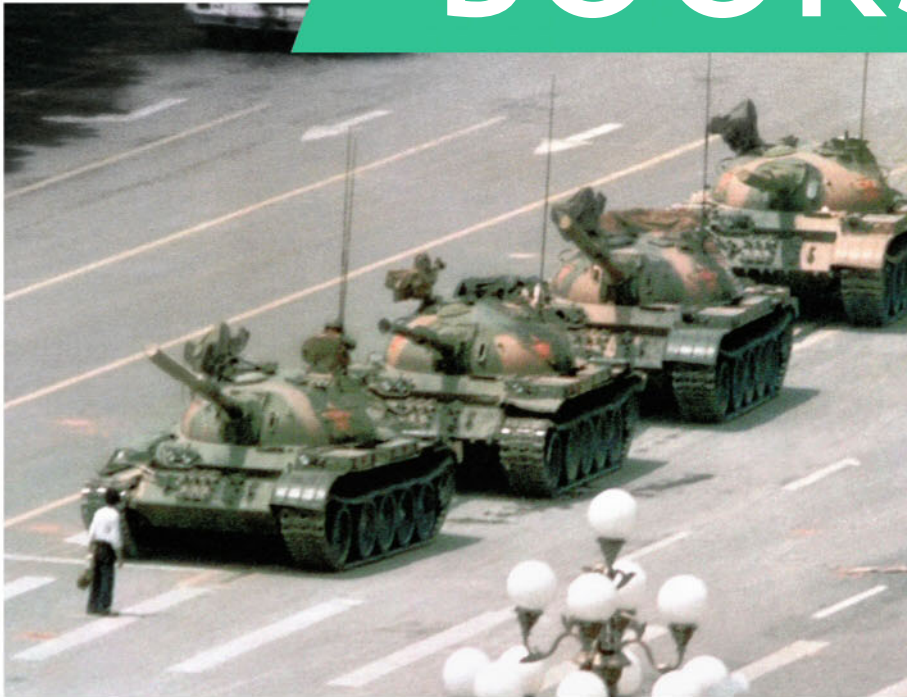
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BOOKS



Tiananmen Square, 1989

AUTHOR FEATURE

Out of focus

A picture is worth a thousands words but the truth can be distorted by photographer and viewer, says Georgina Harding

Some years ago I moved into a bare, new London flat. Few furnishings, no books, no TV. I treated myself to a vast volume of Magnum photos and looked at one picture each morning, and populated the space and had a story in my head for the day. Two grainy black-and-whites from 1950s eastern Europe became inspiration for the book I was writing then. And thoughts about photography, what a photograph can mean, to photographer and viewer and subject, are central to my new book *The Gun Room*.

Photographs should interest any novelist. They are memory, and memory is the basis of story. They bear witness to other people's lives, which is after all what a novel attempts to do. A photograph – until Photoshop, at least – might be thought to be actual truth, whereas a novelist uses fiction to illustrate a truth. But perhaps photographs, even those gritty war photos that so shock us with their reality, themselves contain an element of fiction?

Look into the faces in the great news photos and you see an illusion. You tell yourself you can read what's in their eyes: the hunger of a child in Darfur, the shell shock of a soldier in the Tet Offensive. You forget

that what is before their eyes is a camera. You forget, conveniently, for the sake of the story you want to find in the picture, that the photographer was there intervening, and that you see only by his intervention.

"We want the photographer to be a spy in the house of love and of death," wrote Susan Sontag. We like to think that we are seeing directly into other people's lives, all without the problematical experience of having made the intrusion ourselves, and we make an instantaneous judgement about who and what they are.

Mostly, the subjects of the great news photos appear to have been taken unawares, in extreme circumstances when the camera is the last thing that matters to them. When Don McCullin photographed a starving mother in Biafra, she stared directly into his lens.

What did she see? By McCullin's account, what she saw entering the hospital room was a white man who might have been bringing food or medicine but came with two cameras slung from his shoulders. It was 1968. She probably didn't know what a camera was.

She looked and knew and cared nothing of him, her baby sucking hopelessly at her wrinkled, deflated breast. But what of us

who see the picture, who look into her eyes and perhaps feel the tears rising in our own? We see her but more than that we see an event, a famine and a war, a manifestation of an abstraction. For us she becomes representative, not individual. We don't expect to know her name. There are innumerable images like that, Dorothea Lange's *Migrant Mother*, the napalmed child in Vietnam, anonymous faces inextricably associated with moments in history.

Perhaps it is because we have been saturated now with so many images that when the latest such picture appeared, of a drowned Syrian child on a Turkish beach, journalists worked to name and individualise this one child and make the picture stick. Though McCullin has admitted to once deliberately arranging a shot of a dead Vietnamese whose body he had just seen looted by American soldiers, displaying his remaining possessions, his emptied wallet and the photograph of his girl, driven by some urge to restore to him the identity that had been taken from him.

The dead – and the photographed – can't shoot back. They can only tell the story that the photographer and the picture editor and the viewer ascribe to them. McCullin gives meaning to a dead Vietnamese. A front page shows Aylan Kurdi carried by a Turkish policeman tenderly, as if he were his own sleeping son. *The Falling Man* at the Twin Towers takes a perfect vertical dive, and we ignore the fact that this single elegant frame is just one still moment captured out of a tumbling chaotic death.

It is their simplicity that makes the great news photos so effective. They fix history with all the apparent truth of being images taken in the moment history was made, which seems a truth more incontrovertible

than any more complex story told afterwards by a witness or news reporter with the benefit of hindsight. Yet no single moment exists in isolation. There is the Tank Man standing with his shopping bag before the Chinese army at Tiananmen. As Lucy Kirkwood's play *Chimerica* reminded us, only he

could know precisely what he was doing there. We see the photographed at a single stilled moment in their lives – or deaths – removed from all of its context. We tell ourselves that we know their story. Are we seeing truth or fiction?



Georgina Harding's *The Gun Room* is out April 21 (Bloomsbury, £16.99)



5 KIDS' BOOKS RIPE FOR SCREEN ADAPTATIONS

**JOE
ABERCROMBIE**

1. A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA Ursula Le Guin

We're still waiting for an adaptation that does justice to this vivid and atmospheric world of islands, ringed by sea and riddled with magic, as young wizard Ged is hunted by the shadow unleashed by his own arrogance.

2. THE BROKEN SWORD Poul Anderson

Mighty battles and brooding rivalries would spring to life in a screen version of this stormy Norse-inspired saga. It's less good against bad than bad against worse when the boy child Scafloc is sucked into an apocalyptic war between trolls and elves.

3. GOD'S WAR Kameron Hurley

Hard-bitten characters, talk as brutal as its action, and a hell of a task for the FX studios tasked with rendering this unique alien setting, shattered by eternal, unwinnable war, in which bio-engineered insects take the place of magic.

4. THE LIES OF LOCKE LAMORA Scott Lynch

Quickfire dialogue and snaking plot twists abound as motormouth Locke has to survive using his considerable wits on the mean streets of Camorr: a Venice-like city built inside ruins of indestructible alien glass.

5. FAFHRD & THE GRAY MOUSER Fritz Leiber

Brimming with action, humour and romance, barbarian swordsman Fafhrd and morally challenged rogue the Gray Mouser are sword-and-sorcery's classic sparring odd couple, struggling to make ends meet in the seedy metropolis of Lankhmar.

Joe Abercrombie's *Sharp Ends* is out April 26 (Gollancz, £18.99)



REVIEWS

HOTELS OF NORTH AMERICA / RELATIVITY

Through the keyhole

Most of us who were charmed by *The Ice Storm* gave up long ago on Rick Moody writing anything as assured and emotionally disarming again. There have been passages of great prose, and some excellent jokes, in the three novels since that knockout 1994 breakthrough but Moody's is no longer a name that sets off a thrilled alert. Which makes the surprise of the funny, touching, formally innovative **Hotels of North America** all the sweeter. It's not *The Ice Storm* (stop asking!) but it's the best novel he has written for years.

Reginald Edward Morse is a middle-aged investment banker turned weary, disappointed motivational speaker. His diversionary sideline as a blogging Trip Adviser-style hotel reviewer has, however, proved something of a calling, and won him an impressive online following. His forensic investigations of a diverse range of establishments, from swanky private clubs to mangy roadside motels, cover all angles ("I am reasonably certain that I heard prostitution happening on the stairwell outside the room") and often consider details the less eagle-eyed, or more pleasure-engaged, one-nighter might overlook ("dust, blood, seminal fluid", Ritz crackers and insect parts"). But what makes his reviews required reading is the gradual divulgence of his own sorry tale of young love, marriage, fatherhood, infidelity, divorce, and jarring loneliness and regret.

If there is a more effective hothouse for the melancholy of modern alienation than the characterless, gloomily lit motel room, I can't think of it. The metaphor holds further; the ceding of the young Morse's enthusiastic sexual and experiential appetite to the heavy fatigue of his accumulated failures compares neatly to the contrast between the buzzed-up debut



Illustration: Dom McKenzie

explorer and the ennui-ridden bed-hopper yearning for home comforts. Even outdoor hot tubs populated with nubile hotel employees can't make up for memories of an excited, anticipatory face at the window, welcoming you back to your favourite chair and a warmed-up bed.

There is brilliant writing here, including five pages on the ache of being parted from a daughter which rank among the most poignant Moody's written. "I miss the child's naked, enthusiastic sprints through our tiny apartment before she takes a bath, I miss the child hanging upside down... I miss the child's eyes, which are the colour of flagstone... I miss the child."

There is a similar familial heart tug at the centre of Australian debut novelist Antonia Hayes' **Relativity**.



Hotels of North America
Rick Moody, Serpent's Tail, £12.99
Relativity
Antonia Hayes, Corsair, £14.99

Hayes beautifully evokes the gulping, fear-filled love a vulnerable child imparts on its parents, and we share every new anxiety single mother Claire suffers as her 12-year-old savant son Ethan is disassembled, not only by medics investigating his miraculous astrophysical visions but also by revelations regarding his own past, and his parents' sudden separation. Ethan's believability is crucial for the novel's emotional effect, and he's convincingly drawn.

Despite the potentially alienating subject matter of his breathless stream of consciousness chatter – conjecture regarding the workings of a black hole is his idea of water cooler gossip – he comes alive in Hayes' tender hands. What works less well is the constant use of physics-related metaphors, which, bearing in mind the necessary light, star and sun-related similes, undercut the novel's poignancy with moments of Taylor Swift-style vapidity.

Fortunately, the love story is strong enough to leave a deeper final impression.

Words: Jane Graham @Janeannie



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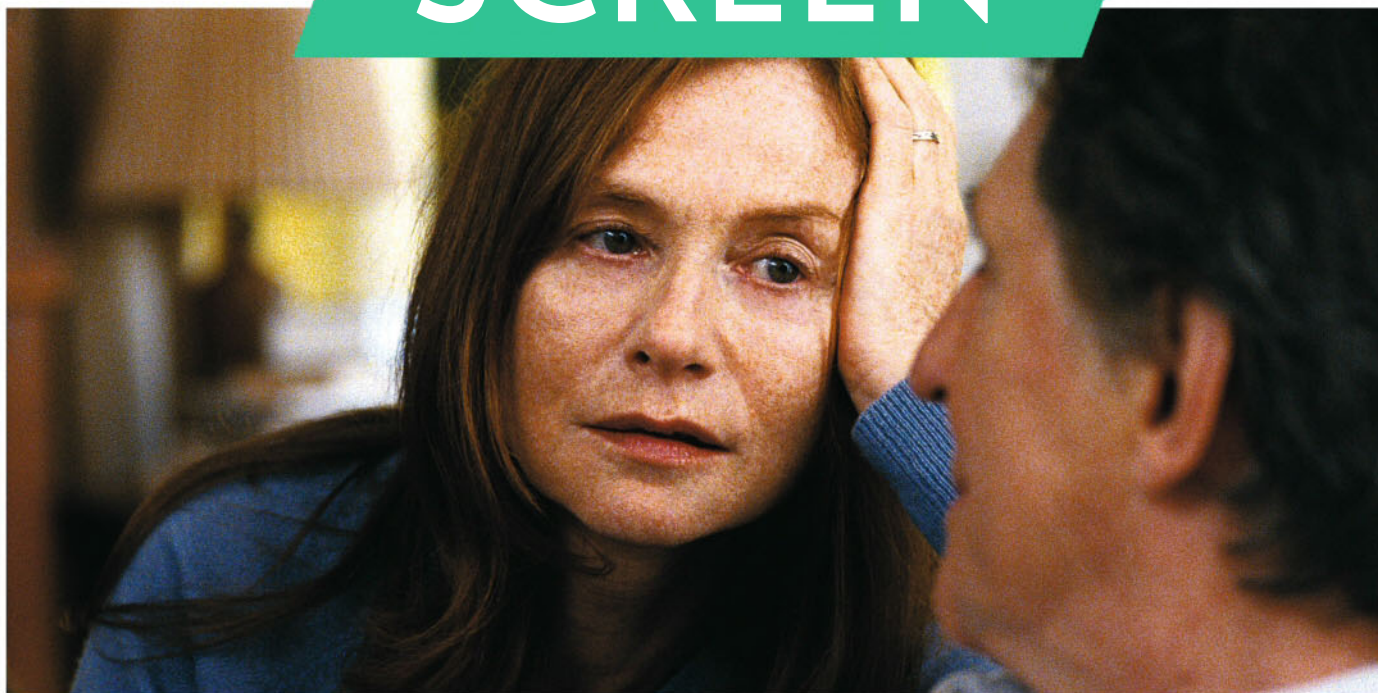
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FILM / EDWARD LAWRENSON

Picture of grief

When a war photographer dies, the family have to cope with the fallout

In *Louder than Bombs* Isabelle Huppert plays a photojournalist, her speciality: war zones. In the home that her character – also called Isabelle – shares with her husband Gene and two sons in leafy upstate New York is her study, a suitably dark room piled high with photos of artfully framed instances of suffering. Here's a family burying its dead child in Afghanistan; here's the pleading close-up of a war refugee, and so on.

Director Joachim Trier's previous film *Oslo, August 31st* was about a recovering heroin user, and I wondered if this film isn't also about a different sort of junkie. Despite assuring her family that she'll slow down and take on fewer assignments, Isabelle is compelled to witness and to document human behaviour at its very worst. She's a connoisseur of suffering, addicted to the high drama of misery.

It's a characterisation one could apply to Trier, the director and co-writer of this assured English-language debut. As with his 2011 film *Oslo, August 31st*, *Louder than Bombs* is a work of sorrow-soaked seriousness, stalked by the spectre of potential suicide. I'm not sure I enjoyed – or, for that matter, even liked – *Louder than Bombs* but I do admire its high-minded intensity and plangent integrity. The film is a portrait

of grief, and its aftermath. Though she features prominently in flashback, Isabelle has been dead for two years by the start of the film, killed in a car crash that she may or may not have caused deliberately. The focus is on the surviving family members. Gene – played with bruised sensitivity by underrated Irish actor Gabriel Byrne – is a former actor who now teaches at the local high school. His younger son Conrad (Devin Druid) is a student there, and they are joined for a weekend devoted to sorting out Isabelle's office by oldest son Jonah (Jesse Eisenberg), a sociology professor and new father.

Depicting the few days Jonah spends with his dad and brother, the film offers a sympathetic yet unblinking view of a fraught family dynamic. Love affairs are begun, and abruptly terminated. Rows erupt. Secrets are exposed or averted. It's all beautifully acted, and throughout memories of Isabelle return to haunt the present in brilliantly edited flashback. The teasing, subtle and quietly involving question running through all this is whether Gene, Jonah and Conrad's emotional troubles are entirely a symptom of grief or just, you know, normal family stuff...

Conrad's story, for instance, is a vivid miniature of the agonies of adolescence, including a reckless crush on a cheerleader – even without the additional impact of his mother's recent death. The mini-meltdown Jonah experiences back at his parental home, including an unseemly affair with his former girlfriend, seems as much to do with the anxieties of young fatherhood as his mother's passing (Eisenberg plays the part with a commendable lack of vanity and self-absorption).

Yet for all the craft and emotional sincerity on display, *Louder than Bombs* left me unmoved. Visiting Jonah during his college days in one of the many flashbacks, Isabelle urges him to have some fun. It's advice Trier could have run with. I don't expect a comedy from so dark a subject but does *Louder than Bombs* need to take itself so gravely seriously? Grief is messy, tumultuous, even bleakly absurd, a reality that this decorous, strenuously well-intentioned film

seems to tiptoe around rather than confront head on. *Louder than Bombs* is impeccably made but it's also a little suffocating and dramatically inert. Despite the title, a sideways tribute to a Smiths album (itself taken from an Elizabeth Smart poem) the film refuses to detonate.



Behemoth deserves to be seen around the UK

FINAL REEL...

Documentary is one of the most vibrant, artistically alive forms of cinema. If you don't believe me, check out **Frames of Representation**, a week-long season of the most cutting-edge non-fiction film, at London's ICA (framesofrepresentation.com). Shame it's not travelling wider in the UK.

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BATMAN RETURNS SANS SUPERMAN. PLUS, IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE...



It's definite: Ben Affleck is working on a new standalone Batman film for Warner Bros. Once he's done filming *Justice League*, he's set to write and direct the new film.

Some big shows are coming to an end. *Broadchurch* will finish after its upcoming third series. The next run of *The Vampire Diaries* will be its last, and *The Musketeers* is ending after series three. Series five of *Episodes* will be its swansong.

The new Spider-Man film starring Tom Holland, due in summer 2017, will be called *Spider-Man: Homecoming*.



Disney is already working on a sequel to its new take on *The Jungle Book*. Screenwriter Justin Marks and director Jon Favreau are expected back for *The Jungle Book 2*, which will dig further into Rudyard Kipling's original stories.

Filming is underway on series four of *Sherlock*, starring Benedict Cumberbatch and Martin Freeman. The three new episodes are expected to screen in January 2017.

DEN of GEEK!
denofgeek.com

FOCUS

Rebecca Ferguson

Scandinavia's rising star played The White Queen and starred in *Mission: Impossible 5* – now she's heating up the Cold War

You know when you Google people and you're not quite sure if what you find is real? This doesn't start well...

Did your mother really help translate ABBA's Waterloo into English? Yes. My mother hung out with the gang. She showed me a picture of them and I said: "God, look at their clothes!" And she said: "They were mostly my clothes." I'm sad because she threw them all away. How could you?!

From one Swedish icon to another. People have compared you to Ingrid Bergman, and certainly your new film deals with Casablanca-esque themes of love, loss and loyalty. Aren't they the essential ingredients of most stories? It's a beautiful compliment. The lighting of *Despite the Falling Snow* oozes some kind of *Casablanca* noir ambience. When we did *Mission* I looked at Ingrid Bergman, Katharine Hepburn, Greta Garbo. That's what I wanted my character to be, and then for her to shake her hair and become a rough rogue agent as well. I'm trying to be versatile!

What did these actresses from Hollywood's golden age have that's missing today? I think we lack mystery nowadays. We live in a society where we have instant gratification and we have instant information. We lack secrecy and that's something I find so important for characters.

When it comes to being versatile, *Despite the Falling Snow* sees you playing two characters in two different periods. That was very scary. It's about finding that space between them. What is Katya's secret? What is Lauren's secret? The character's secret is always something I keep



The spy who loved me: Rebecca Ferguson and Sam Reid get close in *Despite the Falling Snow*

to myself. That brings the mystery and is the interesting part of film-making for me.

Do you have to understand the choices the character makes? Absolutely. Here we're telling a story of passion, betrayal, extraordinary sacrifice. The tagline is, 'You can betray your country but not your heart'. How much

would be someone loving their job and sacrificing friendship and relationships. People suffer alcoholism or drug abuse, lose their family, lose their children. We're all battling things.

Our battles are less romantic when not set in Russia during the Cold War. Is it a different world we live in now? There are still spies out there. Maybe you're an undercover agent.

I wouldn't be able to tell you if I was. It's the not knowing that's interesting. It's exciting, it's sexy, it's dark and mysterious. I woke up this morning and went to Starbucks for a coffee. It's not quite the same!

Why has there been an invasion of Swedish actors and culture recently?

It's been there all the time, like the new black. We have incredible dark woods, vast environments. It is cold, it is dark. There is something very noir about Scandinavia, which is needed in a world that is high-explosive and dynamic.

Despite the Falling Snow is in cinemas. Rebecca Ferguson also stars in *Florence Foster Jenkins* from May 6. Interview: Steven MacKenzie @stevenmackenzie



"My mother hung out with ABBA. They wore her clothes"

are you willing to sacrifice for something you love or believe in? That's interesting, it's fascinating, it's hard.

Thankfully the stakes are lower in our own lives. Are they? Another story

BROADCAST VIEWS

SAM DELANEY

The rise of the right makes for TV drama to sink your teeth into

The likes and dislikes of the British public are deeply vague and totally inscrutable. Look at the opinion polls this time last year, informing us that Ed Miliband was dead-set on 10 Downing Street and that a majority government of any sort was completely impossible. Then everyone had a last-minute change of heart/lost their minds and voted for David Cameron. And then the Labour Party respond by electing an ineffectual geography teacher as their new leader – which was basically like getting dumped by your girlfriend and responding by getting a cobweb tattooed across your face to show the world that you don't care. And what about when Matt Cardle beat One Direction in *The X Factor* final? Yep, if I know one thing, it's to never try to second guess the taste of the great unhosed.

But there are two exceptions to all of this. The first is sharks. British people love stuff about sharks. Stick a shark documentary on the telly and you're onto a ratings winner. The same goes for shark films, shark books, shark websites and shark radio stations (none of which actually exist but if I've got anything to do with it, it's only a matter of time). Myself and two pals once wrote a pilot episode for a glossy drama called *Shark Prison*, about a sub-aquatic correctional facility designed to stop sharks from going around eating humans. Had

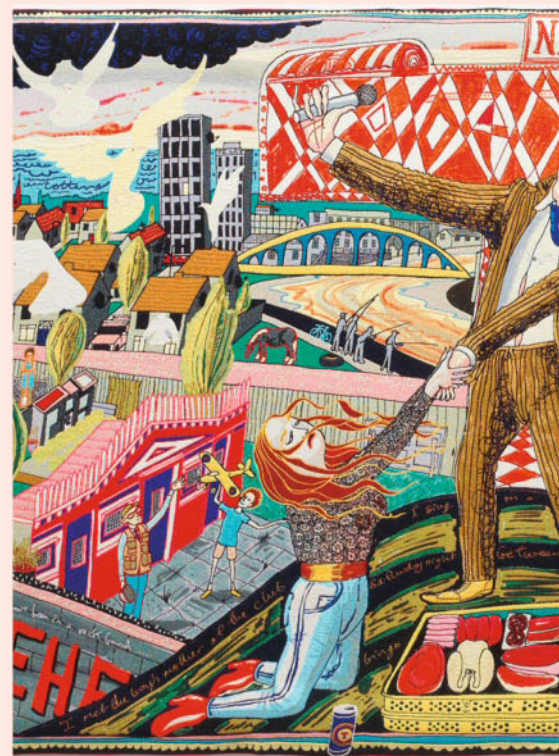
the executives at BBC Drama not had their heads so far up their arses it could have gone on to be one of the true greats of British TV drama, right up there with *The Night Manager* and *Howards' Way*.

Anyway, aside from sharks, Nazis are the other absolute audience banker. I've touched upon their universal appeal before in this column. Which may or may not have served as a catalyst to the creation of *Blue Eyes* (pictured), the Swedish neo-Nazi drama currently airing on More 4. It imagines a nightmare scenario in which Sweden's far-right party has gained 12 per cent of popular support. It might have seemed far-fetched at the time of conception but reality has since outrun fiction with real-life nutbags the Swedish Democrats now polling at 20 per cent.

So, it seems Nazis are playing well with the real-life Swedish public right now but *Blue Eyes* will never have the same impact on British TV audiences. The loons portrayed in this drama might have similarly ugly beliefs and unhelpful hatred as Nazis but, when it comes to telly, people want the original recipe. Old-fashioned Hitler Nazis with their daft costumes and silly walks seems absurd and laughable now. Modern-day Swedish fascists in their jeans and trainers are all too real and scary.

@DelaneyMan

OUT AND ABOUT



AMAZING GRAYS(ON)

Southbank, London; southbankcentre.co.uk.

She may have passed away three years ago but – for a short time anyway – Britain's only female PM is back.

Margaret Thatcher: Queen of Soho



ponders on what could have happened if, on the night before the vote on the controversial Section 28 in 1988 (deemed a homophobic attack through what could – or couldn't – be taught in schools), Thatcher got lost in Soho and accidentally became a cabaret superstar. Following the incredible *Pride* film in 2014, this satire is a different take on an era of escalating hatred faced down by the defiance of the gay community (April 21, May 19 and July 15,

The Thatcher era plays a part in the six large tapestries being toured by one of the country's best and most political artists.

Grayson Perry: The Vanity of Small Differences is a modern take on Hogarth's *A Rake's Progress* and follows the fictional and allegorical life of Tim Rakewell, from his birth to his death. The beautiful tapestries (*The Agony in the Car Park* is the main image featured above) – which communicate as much about the individual characters as the society they inhabit – are packed with detail about life in Britain, refracted through aspirational social mobility (April 22–July 3, Coventry; theherbert.org).

From tapestry to cameras, the **Sony World Photography**



Bow down to Menuhin's genius

This Friday is the 100th birthday of one of the most remarkable musicians of modern times. The great violinist, conductor, pedagogue and humanist Yehudi Menuhin – or Baron Menuhin of Stoke d'Abernon – was born on April 22, 1916, and would have reached his century this week, were he alive. An American of Russian-Jewish descent, Menuhin's career began at the ripe old age of seven, when he performed on stage in San Francisco. By the age of 13 his extraordinary musicality was being held up as proof of the existence of God – by no lesser judge than Albert Einstein. His talent persisted, developed and diversified throughout his amazingly rich adult life, too. Reading his biography is jaw-dropping in terms of who he worked with – from Elgar to Ravi Shankar – and the things he achieved, from championing Schumann to inaugurating the Open Assembly of the Cultures in Europe.

Two of Menuhin's musical priorities were education and communication, and he founded several institutions which continue his work in these areas. The Yehudi Menuhin School in Surrey, for example, provides an international environment in which 60 or so gifted pupils nurture their musical talents. At the Menuhin Competition – the Olympics of the violin – young players fight it out for glory (and record deals). This year's centenary edition was held in London over the past fortnight; after 10 days of concerts, masterclasses and recitals, the winner was revealed late on Saturday night (after we went to press).

Being one of the least competitive people I know, I'm not interested in musical sparring, particularly among kids. What drew my attention in the centenary celebrations is the work of another Menuhin-founded organisation, Live Music Now. Inspired by Menuhin's example during World War Two, when he performed to Allied troops on more than 500 occasions, this charity engages young professional musicians to play for people in need: in hospitals, prisons and



Orchestrate: Menuhin played a vital role in music education

other places access to live music is otherwise impossible. Menuhin held the communicative power of music above all else; it was here his phenomenal musicality and profound humanity combined to transcend barriers, and 'comfort, heal and bring delight' to all.

This week, and throughout the year, Live Music Now is hosting events in celebration of its founder's 100th. If you're in Glasgow on Menuhin's birthday, catch the free lunchtime concert at the Scottish Music Centre, where violinist Rachel Spencer and cellist David Munn perform music commissioned by Live Music Now Scotland. If you're in Cardiff with the kids this weekend, join folk ensemble Calan at St David's Hall for an interactive performance of

Menuhin's co-authored story *The King, the Cat and the Fiddle*. It's events like these, and the many others organised countrywide, that do Yehudi Menuhin's spirit proud.

LAST NOTE...

Speaking of centenaries, the **City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra** has been given a big financial boost in the lead-up to its 100-year anniversary in 2020. It was just given £500,000 from the Rachel Baker Memorial Charity, to continue its work providing top-quality music to the Midlands.

@themerelistener



Awards Exhibition (April 22–May 8, Aldwych, London; somersehouse.org.uk) collects 500 of the most beautiful and powerful pictures taken around the world in the past year. Swinging from fine art to lifestyle and hard-hitting photojournalism, this is a strong reminder of just how powerful visual images can be, having an emotional as much as an ideological impact on the viewer.

since its inception. There is a carnival atmosphere along the route, with cheering an important factor in helping runners break through the wall and cross the finish line.



For the nocturnal creatures among you, **Bat Night** at Creswell Crags, Worksop (April 21; creswell-crags.org.uk) is self-explanatory. It's a walk through a stunning limestone gorge to get up close to watch bats foraging after dusk. You'll need to dress appropriately and bring a torch but you should probably leave the string of garlic bulbs, silver crucifix and wooden stake at home.

Eamonn Forde



For those looking for something a little more visceral, there's the **London Marathon** (April 24, various locations, London; virginmoney-londonmarathon.com). It has been, excuse the pun, running since 1981, having raised an estimated £450m



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To celebrate Colin's 70th Birthday we release this new album featuring a star-studded line-up of artists, including conductors **Riccardo Chailly**, **Oliver Knussen**, **Rumon Gamba**, and soloists **Leila Josefowicz** (violin) and **Anssi Karttunen** (cello).

MARTIN BUTLER



Dirty Beasts is a deliciously gruesome but immediately accessible work, which sets three verses from Roald Dahl's hilarious collection of poems. Wonderfully realised by narrator **Simon Callow** and the **New London Chamber Ensemble**.

MARK SIMPSON



This first portrait album of the work of 27-year-old composer Mark Simpson features a collection of chamber music pieces recorded by the musicians and ensembles for whom they were originally written, including **Mercury Quartet**, **Guy Johnston** (cello), **Nicholas Daniel** (oboe) and **Mark Simpson** (clarinet).

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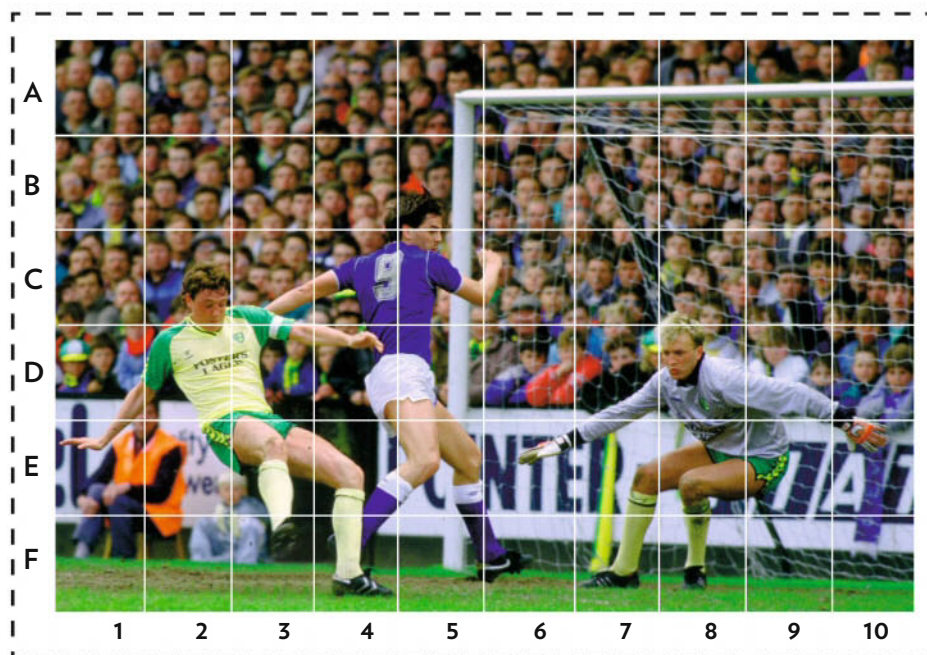


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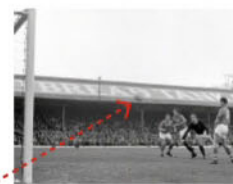
SPOT THE BALL



Photos: Action Images



To win *The Revenant*, by Michael Punke (the book that led to the Oscar-winning film starring Leonardo DiCaprio), mark where you think the ball is, cut out and send to: Spot the Ball (1201), Second Floor, 43 Bath St, Glasgow, G2 1HW by April 26. Include name, address and phone number. To enter by email, send your grid position (eg A1) to competitions@bigissue.com. Issue 1999 winner is Tony Smith, Newcastle.



(Last week's Spot the Ball revealed:
Blackpool v Arsenal, 1970)

Brain Teaser

Have you got true grit? That is, how much do you exhibit the personality characteristic of 'grit'?
To find out, simply answer the questionnaire items below.

On a scale of 1 (not like me at all)
to 5 (very much like me), to what
extent would you say that you...

- (a) finish what you start
- (b) are diligent
- (c) rarely get distracted from your current idea or project when a new one comes along
- (d) maintain focus on projects that take several months to complete



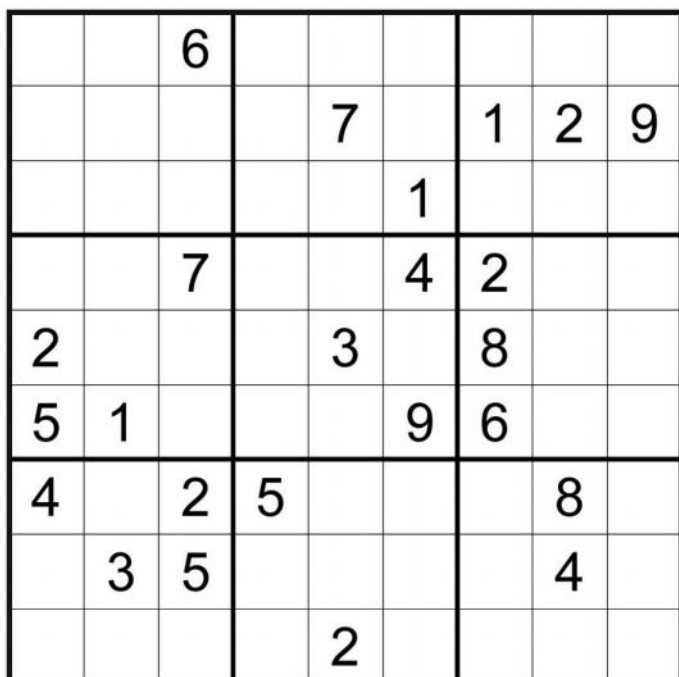
You have just taken a simplified version of the Grit-S questionnaire. Take the average of your four scores to find your grittiness, your "perseverance and passion for long-term goals". The average score is around 3.5, so if you beat this total you are grittier than average. A 2007 study made waves in the psychology world, with its finding that grittiness was a significant predictor of various measures of life success, including how long people stayed in education and how far they got in a spelling bee (it was an American study). Although grittiness quickly became a fashionable idea, a 2016 study found that good old-fashioned conscientiousness – as measured by traditional personality questionnaires such as the Big Five – was actually a perfectly good measure of academic achievement (measured, in this case, by GCSE scores), and that 'grit' added nothing to the explanation. Find out more: tinyurl.com/zu5co7t

Discover new truths in our weekly test, based on Dr Ben Ambridge's book, *PSY-Q*, a series of interactive tests of your personality, intelligence, moral values, thinking style, impulsivity, skill at drawing, capacity for logical reasoning, musical taste, multi-tasking ability, susceptibility to illusions (both visual and mental) and preferences in a romantic partner. Courtesy of Profile Books





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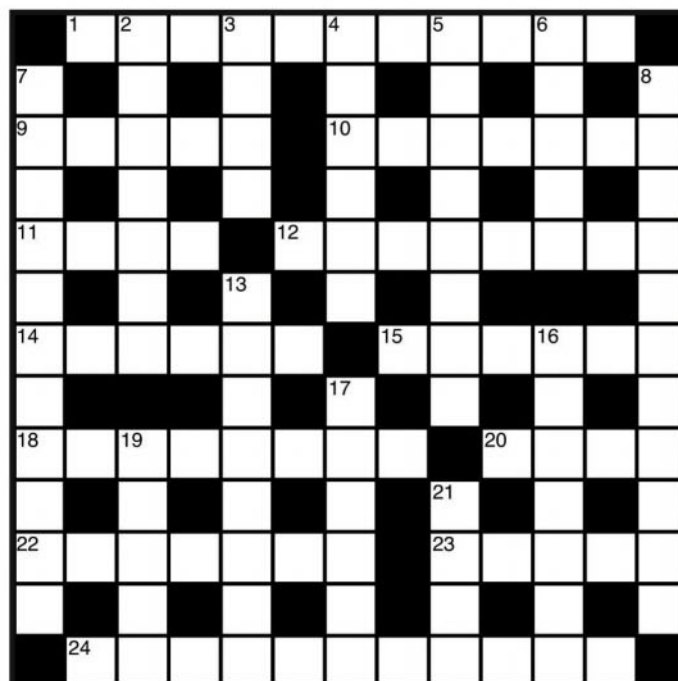


ISSUE 1200 SOLUTION

7	6	3	5	4	1	8	9	2
4	8	9	3	2	7	6	5	1
2	5	1	8	9	6	7	3	4
3	2	8	1	6	9	5	4	7
9	7	4	2	5	8	1	6	3
6	1	5	7	3	4	9	2	8
8	9	8	4	7	3	2	1	5
5	4	7	6	1	2	3	8	9
1	3	2	9	8	5	4	7	6

There is just one simple rule in sudoku: each row, column and 3 x 3 box must contain the numbers one to nine. This is a logic puzzle and you should not need to guess. The solution will be revealed next week.

PRIZE CROSSWORD



To win a Chambers Dictionary, send completed crosswords (either cryptic or quick) to: The Big Issue Crossword (1201), second floor, 43 Bath Street, Glasgow, G2 1HW by April 26. Include your name, address and phone number. **Issue 1999 winner is Janet Anderson from Exeter.**

WIN!

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To enter, tell us: **what is the name of Harold Lloyd's final silent film?**



CRYPTIC CLUES

Across

- In a natural environment is becoming angry (7,4)
- Promise the Spanish a letter (5)
- Ram it in another drink (7)
- Bird nesting in trailer (4)
- Raven had fluttered about on the balcony (8)
- Put on record, it can cause annoyance (6)
- I am in Leeds repairing engine (6)
- Not in vile concoction – daughter served (8)
- Fellow by the edge had a hot drink (4)
- Then Sue could become excited (7)
- Some large number engaged in battle (5)
- Personal influence in Greek capital holding one's attention (11)

Down

- Wire had been wrapped round the untanned leather (7)
- During the show I left out a trick (4)
- Feeling less for the figure (6)
- Rat poison used in RAF manoeuvres after hostilities! (8)
- Scottish landowner dry within limited extremes (5)
- Repeatedly above a place in Hampshire (4,3,4)
- Secretive drunk featured? (5-6)
- Height of singer for the most part with one performing duet (8)
- Old king was on his own for half a day (7)
- It is hard to cut initial expenses (6)
- Giant object in brown (5)
- Penny's over the way making a call to attract attention (4)

QUICK CLUES

Across

- Satisfactory (2,2,3,4)
- Passionately (5)
- Belly (7)
- Moslem chieftain (4)
- Journalist (8)
- Diluted (6)
- Appearance (6)
- Chanting (8)
- Record (4)
- Small axe (7)
- In that place (5)
- Anorak (11)

Down

- One devoted to his country (7)
- Agate (4)
- Cured (6)
- Bedlam (8)
- Terms of reference (5)
- Maker of circular frames (11)
- Defenceless (11)
- Spread out (8)
- Harmful gaze (4,3)
- Grab (6)
- For all (music) (5)
- Portico (4)

Issue 1200 solution

CRYPTIC: Across – 2 Sic; 5 Fleece; 7 Hattie; 9 Red-hot poker; 10 Staffa; 11 Luther; 13 Etched; 16 Sneeze; 18 Independent; 19 Player; 20 Ridged; 21 Toy. Down – 1 Floret; 2 Señora; 3 Chapel; 4 Fierce; 6 End of the day; 8 Take the lead; 10 Sue; 12 Rue; 14 Trifle; 15 Deport; 16 Sundry; 17 Zither.

QUICK: Across – 2 Bus; 5 Jasper; 7 Tavern; 9 Statistical; 10 Gritty; 11 Relief; 13 Muscat; 16 Quartz; 18 Well-meaning; 19 Crayon; 20 Niggle; 21 Gut. Down – 1 Kaiser; 2 Brainy; 3 Stater; 4 Grilse; 6 Practically; 8 Vacillating; 10 Gum; 12 Fez; 14 Upward; 15 Timing; 16 Quaint; 17 Toggle.

MY PITCH



Allan Harper, 50

“Inverness is such a friendly place. One of my customers gave me a mountain bike”

FACTS ABOUT ME...

MY FAVOURITE TEAM

Celtic. I've been a Celtic fan since I was a wee boy but I'm happy having a laugh with Rangers fans and Inverness Caledonian Thistle fans on my pitch too.

MY FAVOURITE PLACE

Craig Dunain. It's a place up on the hill where you can get a great view of Inverness lit up at night.

I've been selling the magazine in Inverness for the past few years. I've worked really hard to build up the pitch and a loyal clientele. It's all about communicating with people and building a rapport, and I really have to thank my customers for supporting me.

I've had some mental health problems to overcome, and selling The Big Issue has been a big stabilising influence on my life.

My brother died at the end of November. He was living down in Essex and had struggled with cancer. The Big Issue Foundation were able to fly me down south so I could go to his funeral. It was so important for me to be there, and I'm really grateful they were able to help me.

Since Christmas, my

brother-in-law and father-in-law have also passed away, so it's been a really difficult time. Coping is a day-to-day process but being able to get outside and speak to people is such a help – so much better than sitting in on my own.

I grew up in Greenock, not too far from Glasgow. So when I first came to Inverness, six years ago, the place was new to me. I feel very at home here now. It's a beautiful place, one of the most beautiful cities in the country, I'm sure. There's a lot of great countryside.

I'm not much of a hill walker but it's nice to go up to the castle, or Craig Dunain, to overlook the city from up there.

Inverness is a fast-growing city – a lot of people want to be here, maybe because it's such

a friendly place – the people are very genuine. One of my customers gave me a bike – a silver Cross mountain bike – which was really kind of them. It certainly helps me get from A to B.

Is there anything I don't like about Inverness? The rain, maybe. And I'm no fan of the football team – I'm a big Celtic fan – but I do get on really well with everyone. Inverness Caledonian Thistle fans included!

I really have to say a massive thank you to all the people that work at The Big Issue and all my brilliant customers because they've made a big difference to my life.

Interview: Adam Forrest
Photo: Jack Rutherford

DID YOU SEE SOPHIE?

Have a look at page 28. Did you see her? Or did you look past her and carry on with your life?



Like many of the young people who come to Centrepont, Sophie is no stranger to being ignored. Her mother used to lock her in a cupboard and her step-father used to hit her in the face to keep her quiet.

Sophie left home as soon as she could and fled to London, where she slept rough for three years. She was constantly cold, hungry, dirty, tired and worst of all scared.

She saw many friends get attacked, and her best friend was raped, murdered and set on fire. Sophie thought it was only a matter of time until something similar happened to her.

By giving just 40p a day (£12 a month) you can get a vulnerable homeless person off the streets right now.

You'll give them a room of their own and all the support they need to rebuild their life.

They'll receive counselling to deal with their problems, career advice to help them into college or a job, and basic life skills, such as how to budget and pay bills. So, when they're ready to leave, they can live independently.

Many people don't give homeless people like Sophie a second glance, but today you can be the person who chooses not to ignore them.

Thanks to someone like you, Sophie is now safe at Centrepont.

Sponsor a room at Centrepont.

Call 0800 138 4499

Visit centrepontroom.org.uk or return the form below

Why become a Centrepont Room Sponsor?

- For just 40p a day, you could help a young person escape homelessness forever
- You'll receive a welcome pack and regular updates about the progress of young people you're supporting
- 89% of young people who come through Centrepont go on to find education, employment or their own home
- 85p of every pound we spend goes directly towards services for homeless young people

Sponsor a room - just 40p a day



Your regular gift will be used to assist young people in sponsored rooms and for the general purposes of Centrepont - working with homeless and socially excluded young people.

Will you sponsor a Centrepont room and get a homeless young person off the streets for good?

- ☐ I wish to sponsor a room at **£12 a month**
☐ I wish to sponsor two rooms at **£24 a month**
☐ I wish to sponsor rooms at **£ a month**

Please collect my payment on the 1st/15th of every month (please circle preferred date)

Instruction to your Bank or Building Society to pay by Direct Debit

To The Manager: _____ Originators Identification No. **659107**
Name and full address of your Bank or Building Society: _____

Postcode _____

Name(s) of Account Holder(s) _____

Bank Sort Code: - - Account Number:

Instructions to your Bank or Building Society: Please pay Centrepont Direct Debits from the account detailed in this Instruction, subject to the safeguards assured by the Direct Debit Guarantee. I understand that this instruction may remain with Centrepont and, if so, details will be passed electronically to my Bank/Building Society.

Signature(s) _____ Date _____

Banks and Building Societies may not accept Direct Debit Instructions for some types of account

To protect the privacy of those we help, a model has been used for the photograph and the name has been changed. The story however is true and as told by a young person.

RAP1617B-02B

Full Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

Telephone _____

Email _____

In accordance with the 1998 Data Protection Act, Centrepont will use your personal data to process your donation. By providing your telephone number and email address you agree that Centrepont may contact you on occasion about your donations by telephone, SMS/or email. If you do not want to receive this information please write to Supporter Care, Central House, 25 Camperdown Street, London E1 8DZ. We will never sell or share your details with other organisations.

Under the Government's Gift Aid scheme, all donations made by UK tax payers are worth a quarter more. To make your gift go further, just tick the box and date

giftaid it

☐ I would like Centrepont to reclaim the tax I have paid on all donations I have made in the four years prior to this year, and any donations I may make in the future. I am a UK taxpayer. I am paying at least as much in income and/or capital gains tax in a year as will be reclaimed by all charities to which I give in that tax year.

Date / /

**Please return this form to: Centrepont Room Sponsorship
Freepost ANG 2640, Colchester, CO2 8BR. Thank you**

Registered Charity No 29421 RAP1617B-02B



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'Best Mattress Retailers' survey (2015)



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